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Vol. CLVI No. 2038 WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC FEBRUARY 11 1939

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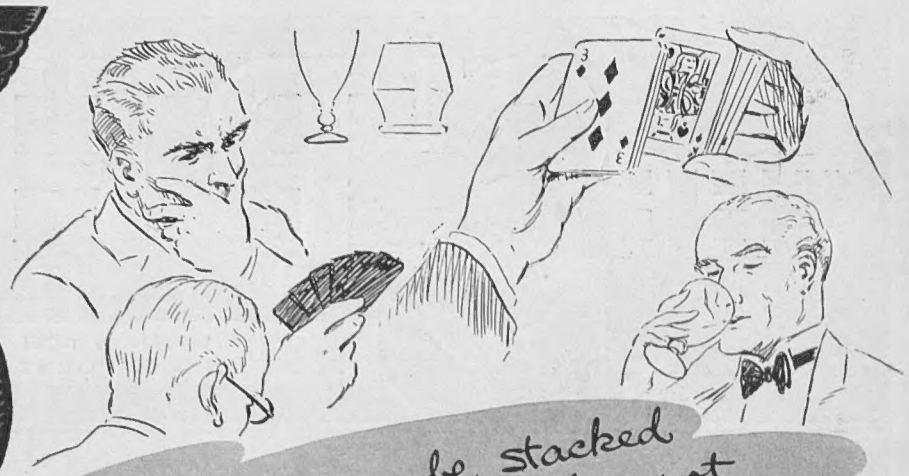

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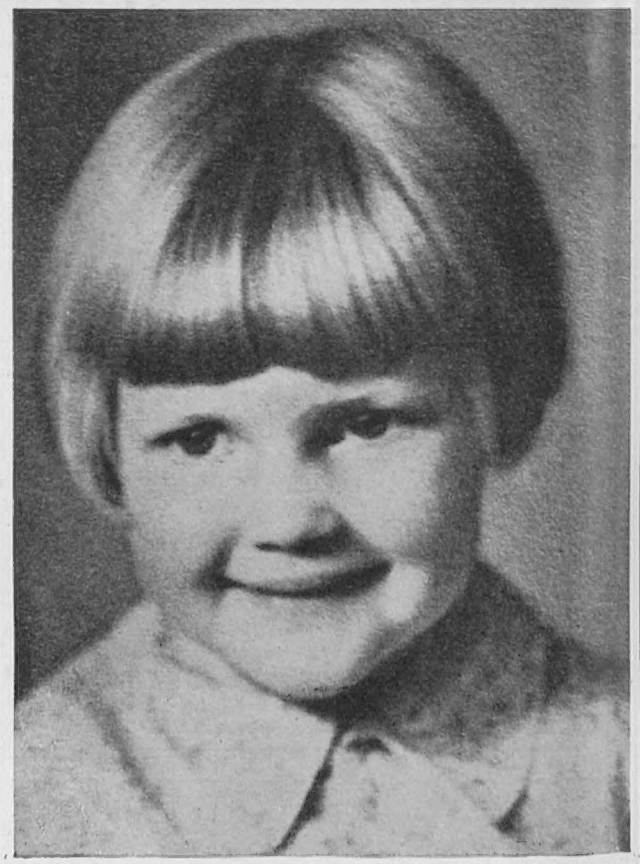

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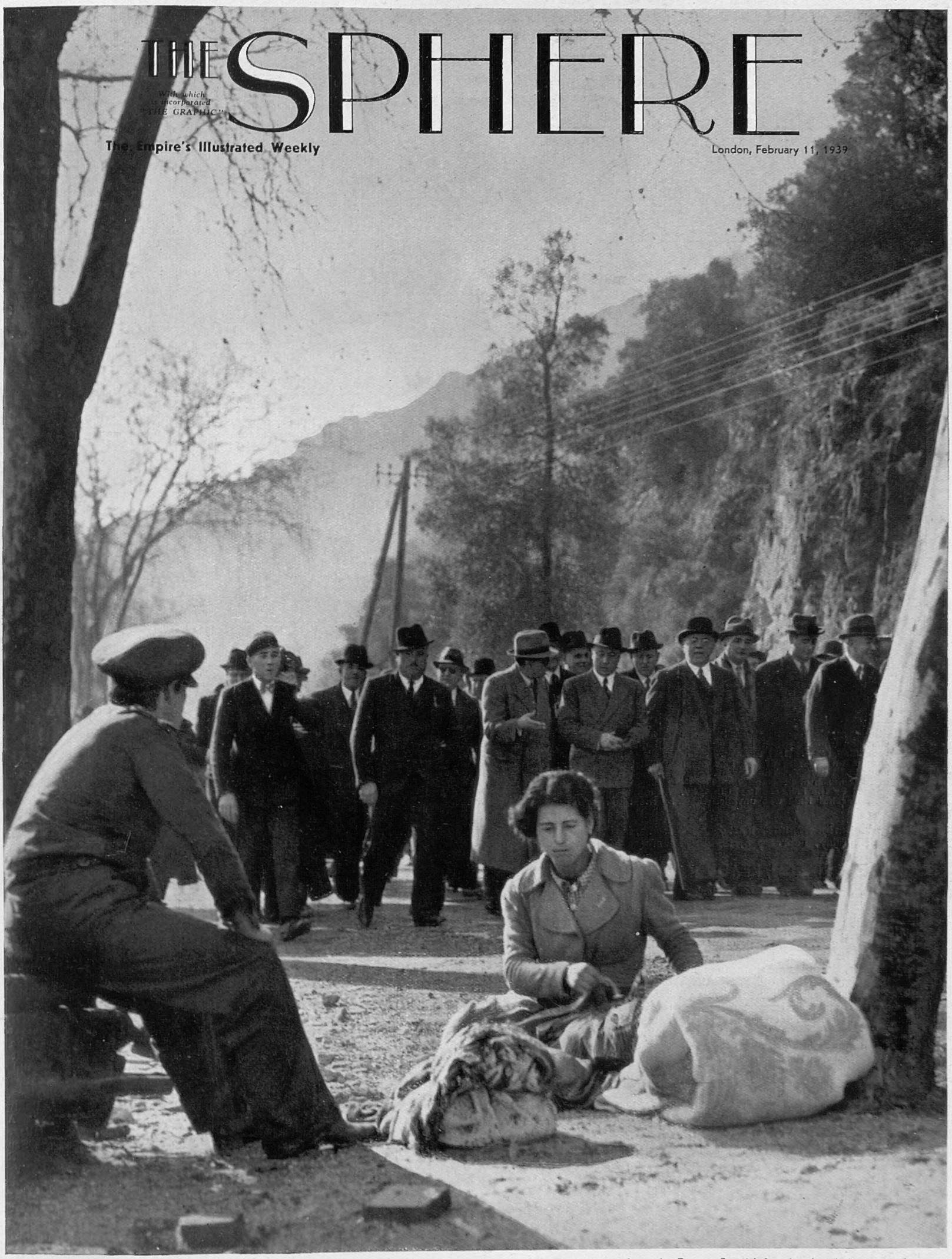
London, February 11, 1939



. . . AND A WOMAN FELL BY THE WAYSIDE

A Poignant Picture From the Franco-Spanish Frontier : A Challenge to Thought Regarding the Ethics of the Present European Situation

Here is a picture from the Franco-Spanish frontier that, in its very poignance, arrests the attention and challenges thought. A woman refugee from Republican Catalonia—cold and hungry after toiling over the rugged passes—sits exhausted by the wayside on reaching the environs of Le Perthus, where she will find sanctuary. In the background is official France in the persons of the Ministers from Paris, who visited the frontier land this week to solve the problem of the invading host of penniless refugees and an exhausted army which, but for the fact that it was allowed admission, would have been decimated in a last stand in the Pyrenean foothills. How is France responding to the appeal of this picture? After the first few difficulties it can be said that she is playing her part well and is taking grave risks to meet a tragic situation in a humane manner. In this task she is being assisted by Britain, which has not only contributed large sums to the International Relief Commission but has promised at least a further £20,000 to enable still more to be done for Spain's unfortunates

Postage—Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 2½d.

THE KING AND QUEEN AT ALDERSHOT: Their Majesties leaving St. Andrew's Garrison Church, which has been enlarged and redecorated, after attending the reopening service last Sunday. St. Andrew's Church stands beside the Queen's Avenue on the site of the Iron Church, which dated from Crimean days and remained till 1926. The new St. Andrew's Church is a memorial to the war dead of the Church of Scotland and kindred churches throughout the Empire. It was opened by the Princess Royal in 1927. A stained-glass window to the memory of Field-Marshal Haig was unveiled there by the King, then Duke of York, in 1934

A London New

32–34 St. Bride Street, E.C.4
Wednesday, February 8, 1939.

HITLER'S SPEECH, READ AT LEISURE.—After reading Hitler's last week's speech to the Reichstag at leisure and making allowance for the audiences for which it was composed, the Reichstag claque, the German nation in its homes, Italy and the democracies, it did not seem to me discouraging, though it did not justify those soaring prices on 'Change any more than their slump had been justified by "brokers' jitters." That flaring London poster "Hitler boom in the City" was a humiliating admission for an Englishman to read. Hitler's next drive, it seems, is a trade drive, a vast drive to increase German exports to pay for imports of raw materials. Now the logic of hard facts governs the actions alike of triumphant dictators and "outworn" democracies. Without some sense of security, traders all the world over will not commit themselves to heavy purchases of German exports. To keep Europe on the crater-edge of war may be good policy for political coups, but it is not good policy for a drive for trade markets. Ergo, Germany needs in her latest drive that universal sense of security, that feeling that war is not "round the corner," as much as and more than her neighbours. Hence that declaration that peace is likely for a long time. It was a necessary preliminary to Germany's present preoccupation with her export trade, and if we believe that trade drive is indeed now nearest to Hitler's heart, then it seems logical to believe he will do what he can to preserve peace and encourage security while his drive lasts. Logical reasoning encourages us to that belief. As regards the political issues in Hitler's programme, there is a measure of hope also. The colonies can wait a little and the Ukraine is not a question of big battalions. But I do not think the democracies can wait in this matter of the colonies. If there is any sincerity in our expressions of willingness to re-examine the whole question of the natural resources of the emptier spaces, now is the accepted, the psychological, time to propose such a world conference. And Hitler's mind revealing a breadth and discrimination which will in these next months enable him to play the great part which his position warrants in the appeasement of Europe round a conference table of the European states? The spectacle of Mr. Duff Cooper and others in the wilderness earning their living as journalists and keeping their memories green in their constituencies is edifying enough and perfectly in keeping with British and French social life, but to pay serious regard to the nature and matter of their journalistic "copy" is utterly incompatible with experienced and informed statesmanship in any age and in any country in European history. Hitler's continued harping on this minor string is indeed a depressing reflection which augurs ill for the hopes of long-sighted and generous deliberations on the appeasement of Europe.

RHINE FRONTIER: THE STORY OF A LIE.—Mr. Roosevelt had a secret meeting on January 31 with the Military Affairs Committee of the Senate. He told them it was I think Hitler's amended claim for "equal rights" in colonies is rather more favourable for such a world conference now than was his former claim for a return of Germany's lost colonies. No, the most depressing feature in Hitler's speech *I* found in a triviality (*because it was* trivial). Those well-worn references to the dangers to be expected from Mr. Duff Cooper are curiously depressing. World peace depends on the world leaders to-day being not only efficient domestic organisers, but broad-minded statesmen with a grasp of the wide horizon of European and world politics, men educated in history and having a knowledge of the political institutions of other countries; men with minds trained to separate the essential from the general, to concentrate on the things that matter and to disregard the trivial. To any great statesman of the nineteenth century, a Mr. Duff Cooper (for example), for all his courage and good qualities, would have been a triviality. What he writes for the press when out of office, what he says to his constituents, or in Parliament, is of not sufficient importance to affect a man in Hitler's position one tittle. If Hitler be wounded by Mr. Duff Cooper, or feel anxiety because of Mr. Duff Cooper's potential power to harm Germany, what hope is there of essential for America's safety that the U.S. should supply arms to Britain and France and assist in the preservation of the democracies at all costs and by all means. He did not foreshadow the possibility of American armies landing in France, but he declared (as once Mr. Baldwin) "our frontiers are the Rhine." As soon as he had made these (alleged) secret observations some of the Senator committee men ran out into the street, and, regardless of his request for secrecy, instantly interviewed reporters. It was the bright spot of news in the 9 o'clock B.B.C. bulletin of February 1—I think the only good news given in that bulletin for a fortnight. Yet the reaction of many listeners to the news was to wonder whether those Senators were liars or merely traitors—or both. It was, of course, taken as gospel in Germany. The world is totally mad, and the democracies have caught the germ of insanity from the dictator states. On every side one sees it—this lunatic inability to hold one's tongue, this melo-egotistical urge to state heady opinions in defiance of the consequences. Mr. Chamberlain stands and works alone in a world of madmen who interrupt and handicap him at every turn. If Mr. Roosevelt *is* prepared to support the democracies

THE MARCH PAST OF THE HIGHLAND REGIMENTS, watched by the King and Queen from a covered dais, was an impressive feature of last Sunday's ceremonial at Aldershot following the reopening of St. Andrew's Church. It was a mild and pleasant morning—more like a mellow autumn day than February—and considerable crowds turned up for the occasion. The Royal visit was attended and preceded by thorough precautions on account of the recent bomb outrages in various parts of the country

LORD SOUTHWOOD OPENS THE NEW WING OF THE SANTA CLAUS HOME AT HIGHGATE: The well-known newspaper proprietor and philanthropist talking with a child after the inaugural ceremony at this juvenile convalescent home—one of the many London institutions in which he takes a keen, personal interest

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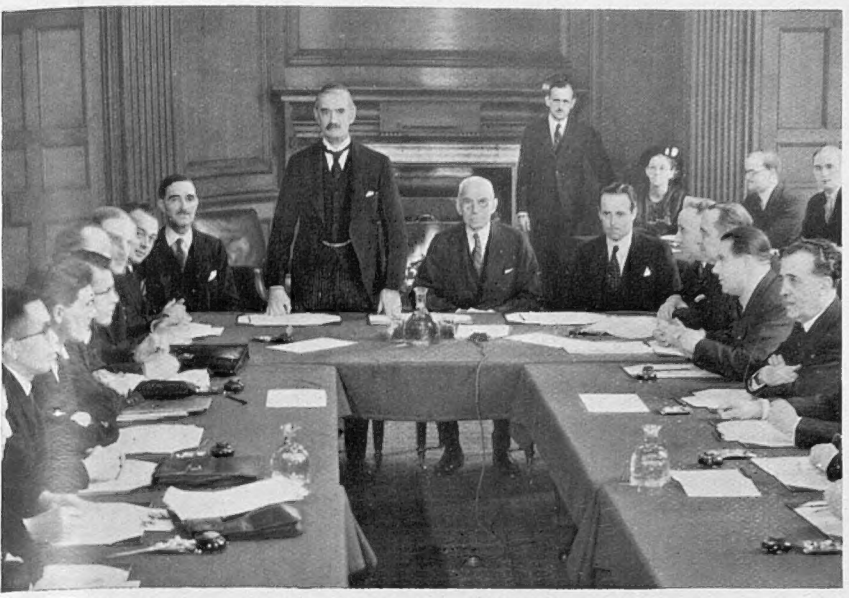
THE PRIME MINISTER'S ACTIVE WEEK

He Opens the Conference on Leisure and the Palestine Talks



"THE BOW THAT IS NEVER UNBENT LOSES ITS POWER" said Mr. Chamberlain, quoting from Ovid, as he welcomed at the Board of Education the twenty-four delegates from various countries who forgathered this week for the three-day conference of the International Advisory Committee of the World Congress for Leisure Time and Recreation. The Prime Minister has had an active week in Parliament, and his declaration of Britain's obligations to France won high approval in Paris

PRELUDE TO THE PALESTINE CONFERENCE: Mr. Malcolm MacDonald, Secretary of State for the Colonies, escorting Ragheb Bey Nashashibi, of the National Defence Party of Palestine, from Waterloo station on his arrival in London for the talks which it is hoped will put an end to the long-continued racial strife in the Holy Land. The Prime Minister opened the conference at St. James's Palace. While it lasts the Jew and Arab delegates, it seems, will not meet on account of the latter's uncompromising attitude

EMINENT ZIONISTS MEET: Dr. Selig Brodetsky, Rabbi M. Blau, and David Ben-Gurion, chairman of the Jewish Agency Executive in Jerusalem, pictured at the London headquarters of the Zionist organisation in Great Russell Street where they discussed questions of policy before attending the opening session of the Palestine Conference

CHILE'S BIG EARTHQUAKE DISASTER

A Tragedy of Appalling Magnitude in the Towns of the South

DEVASTATION IN CONCEPCION: A damaged corner building in this coastal city of southern Chile where the recent earthquake created immense havoc. The buildings on the other side of the street were evidently built of very strong material. Over 30,000 people are believed to have lost their lives and about 50,000 were injured

THE BRITISH NAVY TO THE RESCUE: Sailors from the cruisers *Ajax* and *Exeter*, which were in the vicinity of Concepcion at the time of the earthquake disaster, pulling down parts of the shell of a wrecked building that were threatening to crash on the roadway. The two ships were placed at the full disposal of the Chilean government and, among other things, carried 500 refugees from Tolcahuano to Valparaiso. *Below*—Another wrecked building in Concepcion, one of the six devastated towns

WHEN THIS NORTHROP BOMBER CRASHED IN FLAMES AT LOS ANGELES the test pilot was killed, his parachute failing to open, and his passenger was seriously injured. This passenger turned out to be M. Chomidlin, a French military attache, and subsequent inquiries revealed the hitherto closely-guarded secret that France has been buying warplanes from the United States to strengthen her first line

SPAIN'S REFUGEES POUR

Women and Children Fight Cold, Hunger, and Fatigue As

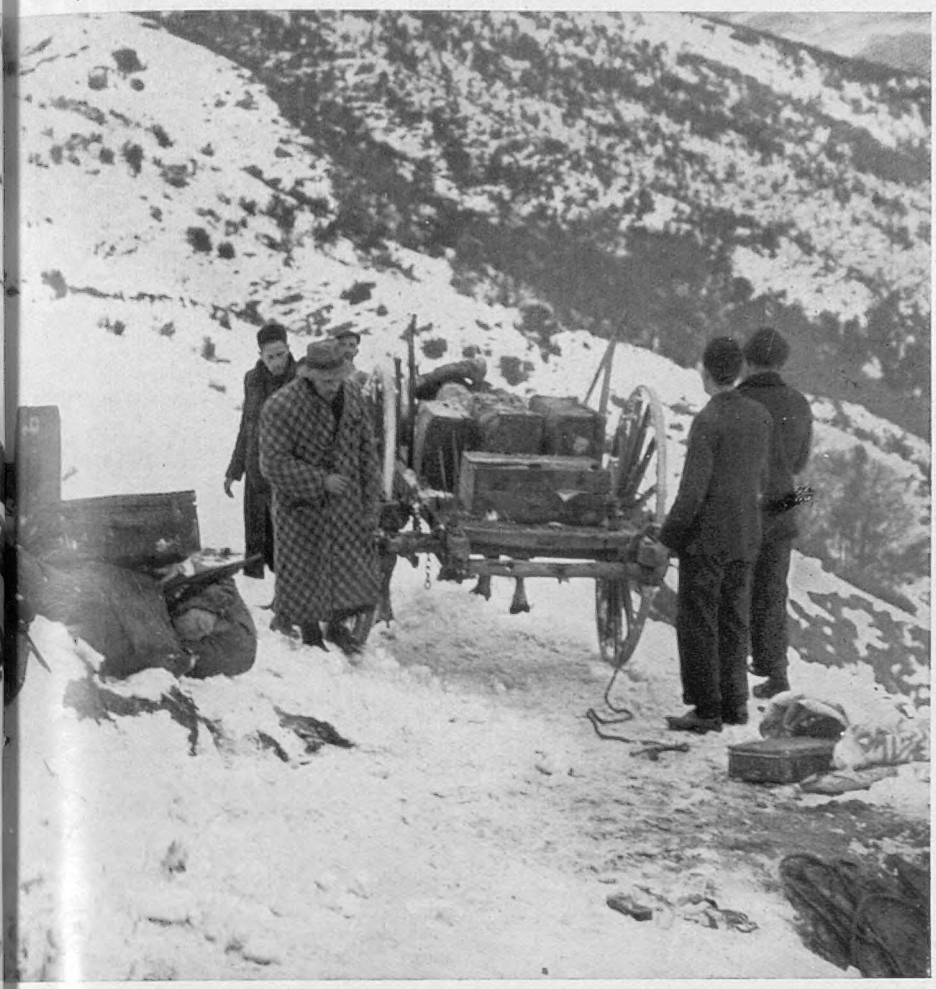
ABANDONED BY THE WAY: French relief workers picking up luggage which had been left behind in the mountains by Spanish Government refugees too weak to carry it farther on their journey into France where they were given sanctuary. *On left*—A woman refugee uses her huge blanket to protect her children from the falling snow as they trudge wearily over the passes towards the French frontier

LIFE STARTS AGAIN FOR SPAIN'S REFUGEES: Women and children enjoying a meal in the medieval abbey of St. Amand, where the French Government has opened one of its biggest centres for non-combatants who have fled from Catalonia. Since the refugees began to flock across the border the authorities have done everything possible to move them into the interior of France, fearing that a large concentration of Spaniards immediately north of the Pyrenees might create big complications

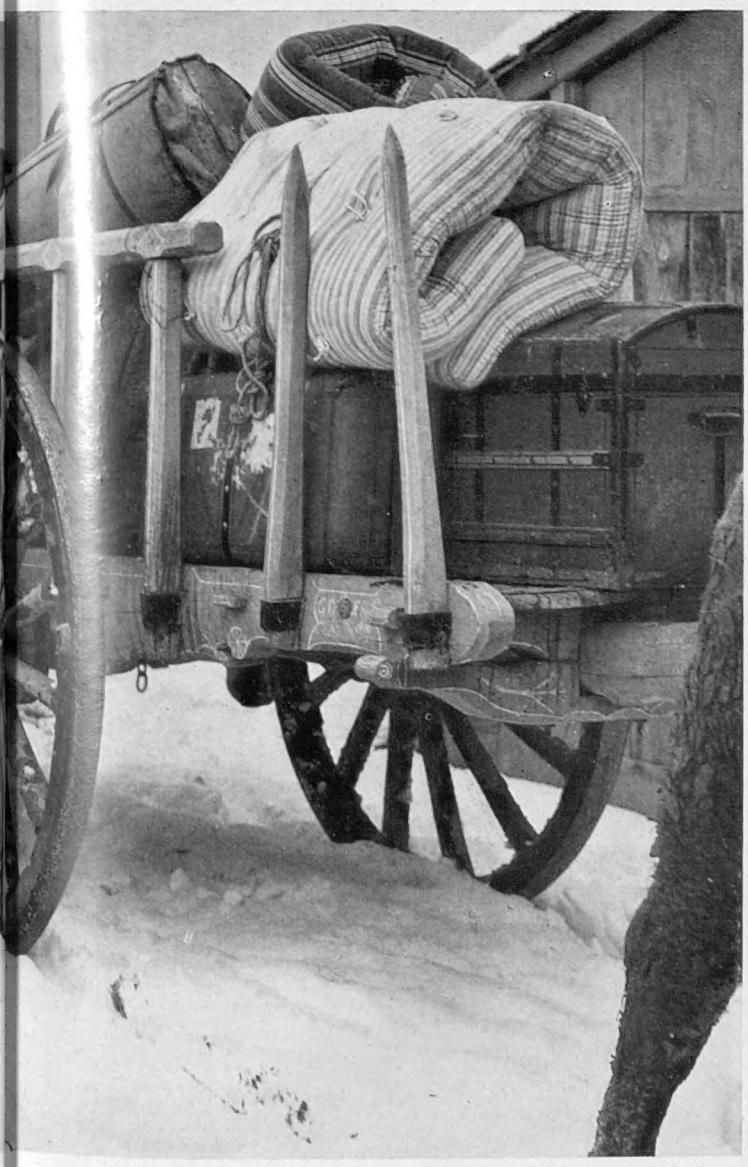
DOGS NOT ADMITTED: A pathetic picture taken at Bourg Madame on the Pyrenean frontier, showing a French gendarme with a dog he was compelled to take from a refugee and to destroy as it had been decided that no animals should be admitted from Spain in the existing circumstances. On Monday of this week it was estimated

OVER THE PYRENEAN PASSES

They Make Their Way Across the Frontier to Sanctuary in France



On right—THE LIMIT OF ENDURANCE: A middle-aged Spanish refugee is succoured by a French soldier after collapsing in the snow high up in the Pyrenees when making her way from Catalonia to the French frontier. By last week-end tens of thousands of non-combatants had crossed into France, and they were soon followed by the remnants of the defeated Catalonian army to which France decided to open her doors rather than see it decimated



that 120,000 refugees had entered France and they were still pouring across the border in an unceasing procession, giving the authorities a tremendous task with which to cope and costing the French Government about £14,000 a day. Among the refugees were the presidents of the Spanish, Catalonian, and Basque Republics, Senor Azana, Senor Companys, and Senor Aguirre

FORCED OFF THE SPANISH CHESSBOARD: These men, who are seen having their first meal on arrival on French soil, are insurgent prisoners of war who were captured by the Spanish Government troops during the desperate series of rearguard actions which preceded the fall of Barcelona. Since this picture was taken the men have very probably taken advantage of the opportunity to re-enter insurgent Spain and, if the war continues, they may yet see further fighting

IT ALL GOES UP IN SMOKE:

Cigarette-Smoking Has Made Cigarette-Making an Industry so Colossal That Even a Moderate-sized Factory Now Has a Forty-Million-a-Week Output

Great Industries of To-day

By NOEL THOMPSON

I SEEM to remember in my schooldays seeing a picture of an officious servant throwing a bucket of water over Sir Walter Raleigh because, when he saw him smoking, he thought he was on fire.

If all the fire brigades in Great Britain worked for twenty-four hours they could not now extinguish the tobacco habit which Sir Walter is reputed to have introduced into this country. I would have liked to be able to give you the astronomical number of cigarettes smoked in Britain alone every day, but it is a figure beyond my calculation. Following a tour of a cigarette factory I can, however, produce some amazing figures which will enable the reader perhaps to work something out for himself.

It was a fair-sized factory with the most modern machinery. Every day about 8,000,000 cigarettes are made there when full time is being worked, and a normal week's output is between 30,000,000 and 40,000,000.

Until I made this tour I had very little idea of the stages involved in producing the object to which we so casually apply a match and probably stub out half smoked.

A half-crown taxi took me to a newish, clean building in a narrow side street about a mile from the City. As I entered, a huge cask of tobacco was being opened. "How much tobacco in there?" I queried. "About 1,000 lb.," was the answer. The Customs duty on that cask alone would be around £475.

As I walked into the factory proper my chief impression was of the almost overpoweringly concentrated scent of warm tobacco. It seemed as though I was inhaling the essence of every cigarette I had ever smoked. Yet before I had finished my tour I had become so accustomed to it that I never noticed it at all. Which may explain why 90 per cent. of the workers in the factory, most of them women or girls, are reasonably heavy smokers out of working hours. This rather surprised me. I should have thought that during working hours they would have imbibed too much of the flavour of tobacco to have enjoyed it at their leisure.

Work starts at the top, or third floor, where the bales (250 lbs.) and casks of tobacco-leaf are unpacked. There are probably half a dozen different grades lying there, all carefully labelled, ready to be blended. Luckily, my guide was himself an expert blender, and could explain to me how a cigarette is born. A blender must have a flair for his job. He has to give the public the cigarette it wants—that is the secret—not too heavy, not too mild; no one flavour too strong, or it will leave a stale taste in the mouth.

Choosing by feel and colour, the blender takes the leaves from different bales, and after a time becomes so expert that by just holding the leaves in his hand, closing his eyes, and using his imagination he can actually seem to taste exactly what the finished cigarette will be like. My guide explained that he was rarely wrong. He himself smokes between forty and fifty cigarettes a day, but he never inhales except when he is testing a new cigarette.

Later, when he offered me a cigarette from his case I found out another of his secrets. I accused him of trying out a new brand on me. "Quite right," he agreed, "I just wanted to watch your reactions." I gather that they were satisfactory. Regularly, having chosen the leaves for a blend he has a few hundred cigarettes made. Then he produces them for friends and relatives to taste for about three weeks. He soon finds out whether they are good cigarettes or not. But to return to the process. The great coarse, rather dry leaves, are first passed through a huge steam boiler—it takes about 4 mins. to turn them into moist, soft, warm, and pliable material. On conveyors they pass to rows of women and girls who sit in pens, rather like cattle. With fingers that worked like greased lightning they stripped the leaves, removing the tough centre stem, which they dropped in a separate pile on their right side.

As I watched their speed I noticed that all of them had short hair, hanging loose. There is a good reason for this. At no time during the whole process may workers wear brooches, clips or hair-pins for fear that they may fall into the tobacco, possibly ruin a machine, or be included in a cigarette in the form of minute particles.

The various tobaccos are kept separate till they reach the blending department where the stripped leaves are now mixed according to accurate weight, so many pounds of this, so many of that and a dash of the other, so to speak. From the mixing platform a conveyor takes the brew to a huge copper cylinder which revolves and thoroughly mixes it, at the same time spraying it with water. As it tumbles out at the far end it is collected ready to be fed into the cutting machine. And here I might say that on each floor there is one man who does nothing but sweep the floor all day to make sure that it is spotlessly clean.

The cutting machine is an amazing affair, with a knife about 2 ft. in length which goes through a tightly-packed wad of tobacco 650 times to the minute, dividing it into hair-like shreds. The keen-eyed operator notices when the shreds become a hundredth of an inch thicker, stops the machine at once, takes out the knife, hands it behind him to the grinding shop and substitutes another razor-edged knife.

And the grinding department can sharpen a knife in 10 seconds. The process proper now begins. It is all so mechanically neat that I can skim through the first part, the conveyor belt to a drying cylinder, another conveyor, then under a huge revolving magnet which extracts any foreign matter, another cylinder to sift and cool it, and a second magnet, then meeting part of itself again. By this I mean that the stems, having been mashed, rolled and thoroughly maltreated, are now finely-shredded perfect tobacco, which, as the life-blood of the leaf, they should be.

I wish I could write one-thousandth as quick as the next machine works. It is here that the tobacco meets the paper for the first time, after passing yet another magnet. One man works the machine which wraps the paper round the tobacco in one endless cigarette, prints the name on it with a tiny automatic printing machine, applies the paste to seal the paper, dries the paste, cuts the cigarettes into double length with a revolving knife, which automatically sharpens itself, cuts the cigarettes to their true length as they turn a corner on a small conveyor, and delivers them to a waiting girl, who picks them up and packs them in a tray which holds about 2,700. The speed of the machine is terrific, it turns out 4,000 cigarettes in one minute!

With a skewer the girl picks out any cigarettes which she thinks have untidy ends or look loosely packed—about one in a hundred, perhaps. Of this, more later. Despite the addition of a roll of cork and another pasting instrument, the same type of machine still turns out 4,000 cork-tipped cigarettes a minute.

The damaged cigarettes have a machine to themselves. They are fed in by the hundreds, bent, broken or torn, a knife slits the paper up, another gadget separates it, and the tobacco, again after going through a magnet, goes one way, and the paper another. The paper is sold as waste, the tobacco goes back to work. And even the minute dust is collected at every stage. Thousands of pounds of this is saved every year. No waste here, either. It goes back to the Customs who analyse it and allow a rebate on the duty, a percentage of the full amount. Even then it is not wasted. The customs can sell it as fertiliser!

As for the packing, a machine makes it as simple as falling off a tree. Men and girls feed the machine on a diet of flat cardboard, or tins, silver paper, tissue paper, and hey presto, it counts the cigarettes—even to odd numbers like fifteen or twenty-five, choosing the right number for each row—fills the packets or tins, seals them and delivers them at the rate of sixty-five tins a minute. It is fascinating to watch the closed tin arrive. An arm flicks open the lid and with the same movement inserts the lining in the preceding tin.

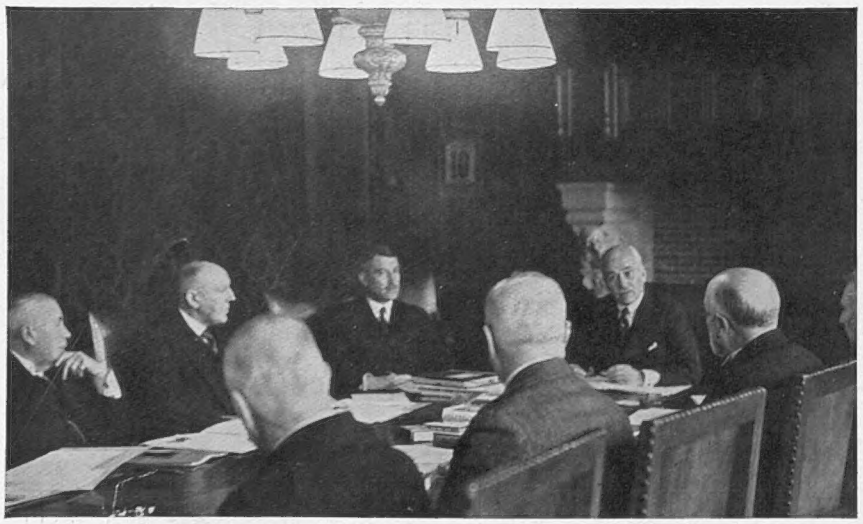
Down again in the office. "It's curious," ruminates my guide, "that some tobaccos will not 'marry.' That is, they will never blend. You can always taste them, they will not lose themselves. With a different partner they will. This seems almost human. Curious, too, that it was ladies who made cork tips popular, and only about fifteen years ago. They demanded them and every firm had to fall in line." He himself likes a cork tip.

I am musing over this, with the cork-tipped cigarette he is trying out on me between my lips, when the day's report sheet comes in. I told you a man and a girl work the actual cigarette-making machine. I ask how many the couple I had watched had done on their machine. Apparently they held the best record, that is, least waste and most cigarettes. In that eight-hour day they produced between them 540,333 cigarettes. Think of that, two people making over 500,000 "gaspers." That is enough for a man who smokes between forty and fifty cigarettes a day to last him nearly thirty-five years.

And as I walk out thinking how it all ends in smoke I see the two walking up the narrow street. Both are smoking happily. Truly it *does* all end in smoke.

Some Relevant Facts and Figures.— It is estimated that averaged over the whole population, children included (say 47,000,000), the United Kingdom consumption of tobacco now exceeds 4½ lb. (72 ounces) per head per annum. In Germany the consumption is said to be the same or a little less, while in the U.S.A. it is 6 lb. and in Belgium 6.6 lb. Britain imports by far the largest quantities of leaf from America, the figure being in excess of 200,000,000 lb. a year, with India, Southern Rhodesia, and Nyasaland vieing for second place. The last three named countries, however, produce less than 20,000,000 lb. each.

SIR HENRI DETERDING: A GENIUS OF MODERN INDUSTRY PASSES



"NAPOLEONIC IN HIS AUDACITY AND CROMWELLIAN IN HIS THOROUGHNESS" was Lord Fisher's opinion of Sir Henri Deterding, the great oil magnate, who has just died at St. Moritz at the age of seventy-two. Sir Henri is seen in this picture presiding at a board meeting of the Royal Dutch Petroleum Company, the mighty organisation which fought in successful competition against Rockefeller's Standard Oil and later, during the great war, did immense service on behalf of the Allied cause

LONGEVITY IN 1938: MR. GABB AND HIS DETAILED RECORDS

Within the files of newspapers is to be found a most fascinating field of research, and it is good to know that there are not a few people who employ their leisure profitably as compilers of unusual records which in time to come will doubtless achieve a very special value. Such a one is Mr. C. B. Gabb, who every year for close on a quarter of a century has culled, collated, and composed for the benefit of readers of *The Times* facts and figures with regard to longevity. In 1938 Mr. Gabb found that 14 centenarians appeared in *The Times* obituary columns, while there were 489 nonagenarians, by far the greatest proportion being married women. The senior centenarian of 1938 was Mrs. Shakerley (107), of Dumfriesshire, a talented artist, who attributed her longevity to her Saxon ancestry and very active life. Another noted centenarian was Mr. W. E. Heard (102), a Newport (South Wales) shipbroker, and it is stated that he was actually working at ninety-seven. Mr. Gabb's record is wonderfully detailed, and let us hope that he will continue for many a year to regale us with his findings

STILL GOING STRONG IN THE RANKS OF THE CENTENARIANS is Countess Virgine Delaune, of Newark, New Jersey, U.S.A., who has just celebrated her 101st birthday. She lost no fewer than thirteen brothers in the Franco-Prussian War

THE WAR IN NORTH CATALONIA: The Captured Town of Blanes: Deserters Pour Across the Border

Drawn by Richard Pearsall

SCENE OF A NEW FRANCO SUCCESS: A street in Blanes, the little fishing town, on the east coast of Catalonia, which fell to the advancing insurgent legions in the middle of last week. Blanes, like its near neighbour, Tordera, is widely known for its lace, the womenfolk producing some of the finest work in all Spain

SPAIN'S DISILLUSIONED FIGHTING MEN: Types of officers and men who deserted from the Government forces during the rout that followed the fall of Barcelona, afterwards mingling with the refugees and pouring northwards across the Pyrenean border into France. The first arrivals were disarmed and then given three alternatives: (1) They could go to Insurgent Spain. (2) They could return to what remained of Government Spain in the northern front. (3) They could enlist in the French Foreign Legion. After some thousands had crossed the frontier an order was issued banning other armed comers. It was later rescinded

THE UMBRELLA v. THE SWORD IN FASCIST ITALY

An Impression of Current "Axis" Conditions

By LADY DRUMMOND HAY

ROME, JANUARY, 1939

BRITAIN is not alone in her aversion to war. I was in Germany just before Christmas and am writing now from Rome. The people of both these latter countries dread war to a degree which can only be realised by personal contact, despite dictators' sabre-rattling and bluff.

Germany and Italy are yoked together in a common cause. Dictatorship versus the democracies and Communism. Popular intellectual and commercial German and Italian elements fear that the other nation will draw their country into war. Even with strong mutual political and diplomatic interests, I found in Germany, and now I am finding in Italy, that among the people in both countries there is a marked note of mistrust of the designs of the other.

Strange as it may strike us in England, "appeaser" Prime Minister Chamberlain is, if anything, a greater popular hero of the day in Germany and Italy, especially to the women, who enthusiastically credit him with reprieving their menfolk from war, than either Hitler or Mussolini. This sentiment is not unknown to the Führer and the Duce. In Berlin I learned that this attitude of the German mothers and wives had somewhat piqued Herr Hitler in view of the fact that all the rest of the world hailed him as the victor of a bloodless victory of Napoleonic magnitude.

During Mr. Chamberlain's stay in Rome, a friend of mine, a seventy-five-year-old aristocratic Roman matron, too frail to attend the social functions, sat wrapped in blankets on a balcony for an hour just to see him pass. This same lady charged her princess daughter, who attended the Reception at the British Embassy, to be sure to give a message of thanks to Mr. Chamberlain for coming to Rome.

How far the Prime Minister owed his personal popularity to his now-historic umbrella is hard to say. *The umbrella in place of the sword* certainly made a strong appeal to the Italian imagination. Constantly surrounded by Fascist officials in uniform, passing between uniformed guards saluting with upraised daggers, the sight of the British Premier, umbrella and all, was a reassuring vision of peace and normality, I have been told on many occasions. No doubt he typified the Italian idea of the civilian citizen going about his peace-time business, and it brought them comfort.

I was in London during the crisis, no little disillusioned at what I took to be quiescent pacifism on the part of the British Government led by Mr. Chamberlain. With tens of thousands of others in the Empire, I resented the fact that our Prime Minister should rush backwards and forwards between England and Germany. Formerly it was the custom of the lesser nations to come to the greater. To-day this is apparently reversed. The historic meetings were not even held on neutral ground. However, Time, the great historian, will eventually reveal the wisdom of our Prime Minister.

No one can be more thankful than I am that war has been averted for the time being. I know what war means. What war meant in 1914 when military aviation was in its infancy, what it can mean to-morrow. Abyssinia, Spain, China—"nurseries" of what an aircraft-constructor friend of mine calls "efficient killers," human and mechanical, experimenting for the next Armageddon.

We must agree with the late General Giulio Douhet, the famous Italian air-strategist, sometimes called the von Schlieffen or von Bernhardi of the air, whose doctrine of merciless, ruthless aerial warfare against centres of civil population has so profoundly influenced the thought and operation plans of General Staffs of the Air throughout the world. General Douhet said: "With the aeroplane present in the sky the plan of war changes altogether. Its appearance signals a profound and decisive revolution in the art of war. Hereafter, war will ignore the obstacles that geography imposes upon armies; it will recognise only technical restrictions and atmospheric agents."

Linked together in most foreign people's minds as sympathetic in popular sentiment, the two peoples, German and Italian, are not nearly so close to one another as is generally assumed. The real link is the close co-operation between the Nazi party and the Fascist party, which finds its most pronounced expression in the parallel lines of the two governments in the Rome-Berlin axis. Nazi influence is decidedly strong in higher Fascist circles in Italy. I hear much critical comment from Italians that even in the matter of the new uniforms and headgear the Fascist party have recently copied German Nazi models.

In Germany I found that the popular mind had a deep undercurrent of friendship for England. In lower official circles and in the Press there were some anti-British manifestations noticeable, but even those struck one as being artificially created.

Here in Italy, I am no little surprised that Italians speak with greater warmth of Britain than they do of Germany. This is based on my own personal experiences in cities, towns and fishing villages on the coast, where I am meeting with every friendly courtesy.

I am impressed by the contrast in daily life in the two dictator-ruled states. Food adulteration, substitution—"Ersatz"—and even shortage of certain commodities in Germany. Plenty in Italy. Tension, suspicion and individual nervousness in Germany. Relative freedom of speech in Italy. Drab street-scenes lightened only by uniforms in Germany. Gay panorama of chic women, smiling cavaliers, courteous police, friendly peasants in Italy. Of course, one must take into account the difference of race and climate.

Spezia, the important naval base, was an exception. It has an atmosphere of tenseness and suspense as if something ominous is looming. This impression is heightened by the fact that the city is dimmed at night, as in war time.

In Germany I found the general atmosphere heavy, often grim. I enjoy Germany, have been visiting there regularly several times a year for fifteen years or more, and have many good German friends, so I am not passing judgment in ignorance. I did notice especially the absence of care-free smiling faces on the streets, also the extreme simplicity of women's clothes, hairdressing, and lack of powder and lipstick. The coiffeur who attended to my hair complained that the beauty-culture business was nearly ruined.

Berlin has now less atmosphere than many a provincial German town. British, American, and cosmopolitan visitors are few and far between. This, in addition to the expulsion and suppression of the Jews, has deprived Berlin, other cities and tourist resorts of luxury and amusement-loving elements which used to spend money freely in the palatial hotels, restaurants, opera, theatres, at the dressmakers, jewellers, florists, etc. The elimination of the Jews has had a very marked influence on business, social and cultural life in Germany. Save for the high Nazi officials, their wives and families, the metropolitan populations of Germany are being levelled to mediocrity.

KING VICTOR EMMANUEL OPENS THE NEW PREMISES OF THE BRITISH ACADEMY IN ROME: His Majesty pictured as he left the building after the inauguration ceremony. The academy was founded in 1823 by George IV as an institution for the study and practice of the fine arts and for the study and investigation of the archæology, literature and history of Rome and Italy at every period

In Italy, where Mussolini is following Hitler's racial doctrine, but where there is only about one Jew to every 800 Italians, the elimination of the Jews is not so manifest to the eye. I am assured by people of almost every class that the anti-Jewish laws promulgated by the Fascist regime are extremely unpopular. In Rome I found that many Italians even in the upper classes are making it a point of honour to call upon Jewish friends to assure them of their sympathy and friendship, and that they do not think as their Government does.

VIVA IL DUCE! A feminine demonstration in Milan replete with portraits of Signor Mussolini, whose personal popularity, as distinct from his political power, seems to grow with each succeeding year

When I first arrived this time, and broached the "Jewish question" to Italian friends, I was met with an energetic reply to the effect that "Italy has no Jewish problem." The Italian people themselves appear to be as mystified as to the real motives which actuate Mussolini in his new policy against the Jews as is the outside world.

As far as my own personal experience goes, life for the visitor is as easy and pleasant as ever it has been. Indeed, this time I sense far less tension than on my preceding visits of recent years. For awhile, the Romans and Italian city-dwellers, especially police and officials, apparently felt it incumbent upon themselves to imitate the Duce's stern glare, immortalised in photographs and picture-postcards of him. In reality the Duce can be a most agreeable person and quite human. The imitation of his dictatorial frown did not suit the sunny Italians, and I am very glad they have relaxed to their native courtesy and smiles again. The Customs officials on the border are polite, hotel personnel good-natured, restaurant waiters, from those in the fashionable restaurants to the white-aproned padroni of the smallest village inns, are obliging and friendly.

I have been eating in all sorts of places, restaurants large and small, in cities, in the mountains, on the seashore, and everywhere enjoyed most excellent cooking in pure butter or oil, fresh fish, sea-food, tender meat, plentiful butter, cream, milk, cheeses, fruits, good bread and coffee. Very reasonably priced for those with foreign exchange. The cost of living has gone up about 30 per cent., which falls hard upon the Italians, who are heavily taxed, and more or less openly complain about it. All the same, restaurants and cafés are well supported by Italians.

The shops make a goodly display of luxury wares, exquisite shoes for which Italian craftsmen are famous, fine gloves, the most Parisien of Paris hats, fur coats, silk stockings, jewellery, which do not remain in the shop-windows, but appear to find possessors amongst the beautiful Italian women whom one meets in society and sees upon the promenades. I do not mean to give the impression that there is much wealth in Italy. On the contrary, peasant and noble are poor, yet there is no effect of drabness or lack of colour.

Italians are perturbed over the possibility of a new edict threatening to oblige Italian married couples with fewer than three children to adopt orphans to bring up the number of their families to three children. In this way the State would be relieved of the expense of maintenance.

Mussolini's drive for children, his eagerness for boy-babies, seems to have extended even to the foreign colonies in Rome. The other evening, I was dining at the house of an American diplomat, whose wife had a three-months-old baby. "A boy or a girl?" I asked. "Boy," she replied. "I would have liked a girl, but the doctor told me beforehand that it was sure to be a boy, for no girls have been born in the diplomatic colony for ages."

Perhaps this is Providence's way of evening things out for the other nations.

TERRORISM AND ITS ANTIDOTE IN TROUBLED PALESTINE

The Jerusalem-Lydda Line Blocked: A Pillar-box Fort and Concrete Barricades Prove Effective on the Main Bethlehem Road

ARAB TACTICS UPSET COMMUNICATIONS: This heavy locomotive was derailed and overturned by a terrorist gang on the main line between Jerusalem and Lydda, being the final act in a long series which made it necessary to close the line temporarily. A spot was chosen where the track curved abruptly when passing through a gorge, so the most elaborate arrangements had to be made to defend the engineers as they set about the task of raising the locomotive on to the track again, otherwise they would have presented an easy target for snipers. The whole line is now fully picketed by British troops and trains are once again running

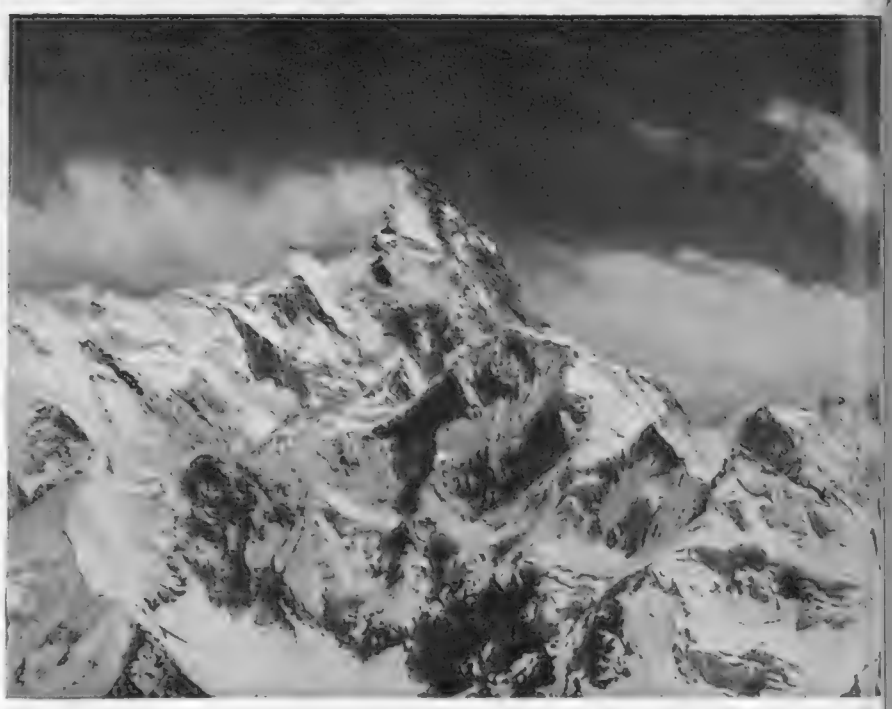
DEFENDING THE JERUSALEM-BETHLEHEM ROAD: These two cement barricades have been so placed that on approaching them all traffic must inevitably slow down to negotiate the curve, thus giving the guards within the pillar-box fort (*below*) time to act if their suspicions are in any way aroused or an attempt is made to get by without submitting to the usual interrogation

KEEPING WATCH AND WARD outside a wing of the new University Hospital built in a dominating position on the heights of Mount Scopus, near Jerusalem. The outer walls are faced with polished marble and the building presents a most striking appearance

WHERE THE HIMALA

A HIMALAYAN FORTRESS: An impressive peak above Trango Glacier referred to in Eric Shipton's book, *Blank on the Map* (Hodder and Stoughton. 18s.), in which he tells the dramatic story of his expedition to the Karakoram range where he and his colleagues mapped a considerable tract of territory. The book is reviewed below by Kenneth Mason, editor of the *Himalayan Journal*

SECOND ONLY TO EVEREST: *Above and below*—Two striking views of the soaring peak o K.2 (Godwin-Austen), the 28,250 ft. Karakoram giant, round which Eric Shipton and hi colleagues mapped 1,800 sq. miles of the most stupendous mountain country in th world. Both these pictures are taken from Mr. Shipton's new book, *Blank on the Ma*



Blank on the Map, *by Eric Shipton (Hodder and Stoughton. 18s.);* Himalayan Assault, *translated by Nea E. Morin (Methuen. 15s.); and* Salween, *by Ronald Kaulback (Hodder and Stoughton. 15s.) are three outstanding books that have come from the press in recent months and which deal with adventuring at the eastern and western extremities of the great Himalayan range. All three are reviewed on these pages, the notes on the two first-named having been written for* THE SPHERE *by Kenneth Mason, the distinguished editor of the* Himalayan Journal.

IT is sometimes said that the age of exploration is past and that we now live in a dull world in which nothing remains to be discovered. While it is true that the day of great discoveries is over, nevertheless the day of intensive and scientific exploration resulting from those discoveries has barely dawned; and these books show, in different degrees, the great variety of interest that still remains to three different types of investigator. Since the great war the northern ranges of India have become much more accessible to mountaineers and climbers than in the past. The reasons for this are that pioneers have laid the foundation, surveyors have made the maps, and political officers and other government servants, in their unostentatious way have overcome the natural disinclination of the hillmen to assist the penetration of their hill fastnesses.

In *Blank on the Map*, Mr. Eric Shipton, of Mount Everest fame, describes the fascination that may still be derived from the smaller and more remote "blanks on the map." In 1937 the region beyond the Karakoram was not wholly unexplored, for Sir Francis Younghusband, as a subaltern, had traversed it rapidly both in 1887 and 1889, while subsequent explorers had gradually reduced the size of the very large "blank" of fifty years ago to one of manageable proportions; they had also indicated the respective merits of the various approaches to what remained.

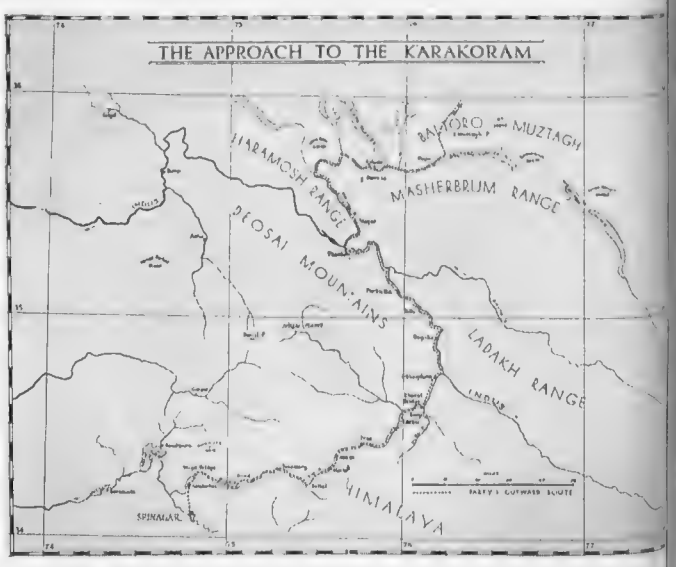
The experience of past explorers to the neighbourhood and his own sound judgment therefore enabled Shipton to plan his work thoroughly and to leave little to chance. His party comprised four trained mountaineers, including Mr. Tilman, the leader of the 1938 Everest expedition, and two scientific members, Mr. Auden, of the Geological Survey of India, and Mr. Spender, who has had modern survey experience in the Mount Everest region, Greenland, and on the Great Barrier Reef. From the surveys of the Duke of Spoleto's expedition to the Karakoram a probable pass was selected from the map, making possible an easier access to the Shaksgam valley than the better known Muztagh pass of Younghusband, and a careful programme of exploration was tentatively worked out beforehand.

The local villagers of Askole, in the uppermost Biaho valley, are notoriously untrustworthy, and the party, after crossing the main Karakoram watershed, found themselves having to relay, with their permanent Sherpa porters from Darjeeling, all their own baggage and supplies.

The party first revisited Younghusband's Aghil pass of fifty years ago and placed it on the map; it then split up, carefully surveyed the ground northwards to the Raskam-Yarkand river as far as the surveys of Sir Filippo De Filippi in 1914, and traced and mapped the course of the Zug-Shaksgam river from the point reached by Mason in 1926. A considerable area of unknown ground was here surveyed before the rising waters of the Shaksgam forced them to cross back to its southern bank.

A detailed examination of the unknown valley and north face of K.2, the second highest mountain in the world, 28,250 ft., followed, before the exploration of the great glacier basin north of the Punmah Muztagh watershed was taken up. Here the party again split up, and, radiating in three directions—south, south-west, and north-west—they returned home by different routes, all previously unknown, surveying and clearing up quite a number of long-standing geographical puzzles on the way.

"SNOW LAKE": This once mysterous spot was invaded by the Shipton expedition during its arduous, five-month sojourn in the remote Karakoram region



THE APPROACH TO THE KARAKORAM: A sketch map showing the route which Eric Shipton's expedition took on the outward journey from Srinagar to the region of K.2 (sometimes known as Godwin Austen). Towards the top right-hand corner can be seen the Muztagh Pass which bars the way to the unknown Karakoram and across which the party had to travel with four months' supplies

YAS END

Three New Books Which Tell of Expeditions at the East and West Extremities of the Great Barrier

THE MUZTAGH TOWER: A striking rock citadel (right centre) seen by the French Expedition of 1936 as it made its way up the Baltoro Glacier before attempting the great attack on Gasherbrum or Hidden Peak. Under the title of *Himalayan Assault*, an account of the adventure was published a short while ago by Methuen's and is reviewed on this page

"GOING UP THE COULOIR TOWARDS THE BERGSCHRUND": Members of the French Himalayan Expedition of 1936 making their way through the hard snow at the start of their assault on the 26,470 ft. peak of Gasherbrum, a gallant effort which was frustrated by the monsoon

HARD GOING ON GASHERBRUM: Members of the French Expedition negotiating the rock wall between Camps 1 and 2. A cable placed by those who had gone before robbed the climb of some of its terrors

PRELUDE TO ADVENTURE: The base camp of the French Expedition, and rising in the distance the great peak of Gasherbrum against which they pitted their strength

Shipton is an advocate of comfortless travel. Kit was cut down to a minimum, and no reliance was placed on local men. In the regions explored, this is undoubtedly by far the best plan, but it should be remembered that, however fit a party may be, and however hard they work, it is not always economical to employ scientists in shifting camp. This is no criticism of the leader, for almost invariably it was he and Tilman who relayed the loads, while Auden and Spender extended their surveys. Considerable use was also made of a light phototheodolite, so that the area surveyed was enlarged from photographs on the return to civilisation.

Shipton's book is of outstanding interest to all who are keen on mountaineering and exploration. The "Blank" is considerably smaller, though not yet entirely filled. No one has more right or is more capable of filling it than the author, and it is to be hoped that he will yet have time and opportunity to complete its survey.

Himalayan Assault tells the story of an entirely different enterprise. It is the account, translated into English, of the "French Himalayan Expedition" of 1936. The first chapter, by M. Escarra, explains why the great peak of Gasherbrum I (the "Hidden Peak" of Conway), 26,470 ft., was chosen for assault. Nothing less than an 8,000-metre peak was worthy of French ambition. The account of the journey out and to the base camp on the Baltoro glacier might well have been curtailed, for the country is well known and well trodden, while the diary form of the chapter on the base camp activities includes much of little interest.

As a preliminary to the climb, Camp 1 was established at the foot of the ridge chosen for the assault; actual climbing began on May 30, and progress was fairly steady until Camp 5 was fixed at about 22,000 ft. on June 20. Ropes had to be fixed almost throughout for the use of porters. On June 22 the weather broke, and from then onwards snow fell uninterruptedly for ten days and nights. There is no doubt whatever that the leader was perfectly right in abandoning the attempt in these circumstances; the monsoon had broken, and though in this region it is normally intermittent, it is unlikely that periods of fine weather long enough for success will occur after the end of June.

On the descent an accident occurred. Two Sherpa porters descending from Camp 3 slipped and started an avalanche, which, gathering force and volume, carried them down 2,000 ft. to the glacier below. "Passing Camp 2 like meteors, before the terrified eyes of Charignon and his Sherpas, they shot over several rock walls, one of which was well over 100 ft. high, finally coming to a stop with the avalanche at the foot of the big couloir." By a lucky chance, one of the base party was photographing at the time near the foot of the couloir and was able to fetch immediate help to dig them out, bruised but otherwise unhurt.

The small results of this climbing enterprise may be excused by bad weather and the early arrival of the monsoon. There was plenty of pluck and endurance. Some comment is, however, necessary on the organisation, preparation, and conduct of the expedition which reveal the faults of inexperience of eastern conditions.

Not everyone will agree with an extreme policy of cutting down supplies to the barest necessities of existence, but there is nothing to be said in favour of so cumbersome an expedition as this, almost immobilised by superfluous stores and personnel, and by hosts of coolies—altogether there were 670 of these from Askole. The authors are more than generous in acknowledging the help received, but surely none of those mentioned has ever countenanced such extravagant ideas as these. There is, indeed, little for British mountaineers to learn from this account or its appendixes, except, perhaps, errors to avoid

On the whole, the translation has been well carried out by Madame Morin, and it is not her fault that the title is incorrect. Gasherbrum is in the Karakoram, not in the Himalayas. It is a pity that she did not check the English spellings of Indian expressions which she quotes.

K. M.

THE MYSTERIOUS SALWEEN whose source remains one of the unsolved mysteries of exploration. The picture is taken from Ronald Kaulback's book, *Salween* (Hodder and Stoughton. 15s.), in which he describes in graphic language his recent journey of exploration up the great river

Mr. Kaulback's book on the Salween, one of the four great rivers which flow close together in the south-east extremity of Tibet, deals, a geographer would think, overmuch with extraneous matters. There are too many references to his fellow-traveller's beard and it is not easy for the layman to visualise the great river and the problems before the expedition. The source of the Salween was not discovered, but there are interesting passages to reward the reader who perseveres. The description of the traversing of the leech and sandfly area is well told and bears out the description recently given in THE SPHERE.

(*Continued on page 218*)

WORLD POLITICS TOUCH THE RIVIERA

For the First Time in the Memory of the Oldest Inhabitant the Famed Coast Feels Itself Brushed by International Events; and of Espionage Talk There Seems To Be No End

THE MAGNET OF MONTE CARLO: The renowned casino where a Mr. Robertson recently broke the bank, making it necessary for the *chef de partie* to send hurriedly for more funds. This is termed the "break absolute," as distinct from the "replenishing break" which may happen 100 or more times in a season, says Mr. Tuohy

By FERDINAND TUOHY

WHEN the 24-mile strip of territory between Ventimiglia and the Var River, west of Nice, was traded to Napoleon III in 1860 in part return for France's ousting of the Austrians from Lombardy, that which was to pass into history as "the Riviera" still resembled much of the underpeopled wilderness pluckily visited by Arthur Young at the height of the Continental System.

Nice was a small port of perhaps 20,000 inhabitants, if it already had its Promenade des Anglais. Monaco was little more than a fishing village harbouring a tattered family of the Grimaldi. Mentone and Cannes may have counted between them 5,000 fisherfolk, peasants, and pioneer sprinkling of sun-chasers; and that was about all. This halcyon corner was not far short of being pretty well the least developed in all France, on account of its mountainous inaccessibility and cut-throat reputation—"foreign savages" decided all but the most discerning of the French (and of the English) who would nevertheless board a paddle-boat at Marseilles for a freely distressing voyage along the coast to Nice. The railway was not pushed through to Monte Carlo until 1870.

To-day, and for all its changing graph of fortune year to year, it would be hard to find a richer area in the Republic than the territory constituting that sector of the French Riviera running from Mentone to Cannes, the greater part of which would be involved by the clamour for "Nizza" did this ever come to anything, since it is not only "the Pearl of the Mediterranean" itself that is being aimed at but the whole region extending from the present frontier at Pont St. Louis up to the banks of the Var, the old frontier of France, more than 20 miles westward.

That it was under the French that this benign strip attained undreamt of wealth and vogue from its primitive and pauperised condition under the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies, that Nice parallely rose from oblivion to be the fourth city of France, is conveniently passed over. Had the Italians been in possession it must have been, with sun and beauty, a like story of swelling prosperity? That, one takes leave to doubt. If anything seems certain on the human side it is that French sparkle and French freedom have been at the bottom of the success of the Côte d'Azur, giving the region its special note.

The Blue Coast has never had a season like this one for, shall we say, contrasting atmospherics. It has been a "good" season so far: on the late side, dearth of Americans retained at home by front-page shocks, fewer villa and long-term visitors, yet all considered, business only a little behind the exceptional showing of 1937–8.

As Mr. Robertson has broken the bank at Monte Carlo; a real fracture, as I shall return to. Mr. Churchill has been observed dancing the "Spreading Chestnut Tree" on an almost empty floor at Cannes, so rapt those present. There is a "mystery yacht" about, owned by a limited liability company. The Duke and Duchess have moved on, after leaving "a more favourable impression" with pukka critics (also an idea for the title of a book, "Gone With the Windsors"). As if to show 'em, Nice is taking its expensive Vegliones, or carnival balls, out on to the open squares, from Opera House and Casino. A Place Neville Chamberlain has been inaugurated at Cannes, where the Entente Navies are, further, about to fraternise amid a deeper sentiment than usual. American gobs scrap as they please—among themselves if they can't find anybody else. Rich old men, eyes alone alert, are struck with mental aphasia before les Ravishing Girls. Mimosa and sun are out.

Yet it is stupid to gloss over the current that has flowed beneath this brimming picture of the norm—as a fact, the other day, in an office high above world-celebrated gambling rooms, I inquired, "would it be doing any harm if I wrote what they are mostly talking about, from one angle or the other," and received this considered answer, "no. The right idea is that of a London editor whose Riviera correspondent rang up, wanting to know how he stood in regard to the war danger. 'You're in much less danger where you are,' came back Fleet Street, 'than I should be here'."

For the first time in the memory of the oldest inhabitant the Riviera feels itself brushed by world events (in 1914–19 it was mainly a combination of convalescent camp and embusqué-de-luxe preserve). The topic of the Riviera's propinquity to potential happenings cannot long be held in check whatever one's ambience. Below the newspaper bulletin boards silent crowds forgather—and, incidentally, what a fine conceit of himself has the Niçois. "It is only natural that people should covet our city. She is so beautiful." In the cafés "brave" bourgeois discuss the absence of A.R.P. "But it would kill the season!" "Better that than ourselves!" Of espionage talk there is no end, and rightly so, I imagine. For many months I have contemplated, with an opening suspicion that has grown to be a conviction, the mushroom growth of quite redundant travel bureaux and commercial headquarters in various interesting towns of France. That is the sort of camouflage that does the job.

Yes, wives may go on strike against their husbands' foreign affairs obsession ("for goodness' sake, John, do talk of something else or I'll go mad!"). Bridge-slaves may absorb increasedly of their opiate. Monied refugees may lavishly entertain the easily-to-be-roped-in. Gala may follow gala and it may be "*faites vos jeux, messieurs et dames*" and "*la banque passe*" as blithely as ever in the past. Yet there is no getting away for long from the hovering query of the hour. Such uncertainty! Where to plan to go, and when and how. Where to park, to live. What precautions should one take? And did you hear this and did you hear that? "Oh, yes, Winston Churchill said it, and so, I'm told, did Lord Rothermere. War in April, for certain." The linking of prominent names with assertions of nigh soothsaying proportions can never have been so practised.

A great deal of nonsense (I boil down from sources deemed worth boiling from) is being circulated by the old women of both sexes, by now bewildered by the flood of events. Many may be that, but is it necessary to spend one's time inventing and embroidering and passing on rumours and alarums? And yet there are reasons so obvious why this coast is anything but the menaced spot of such light-headed chatter. It has batteries of the heaviest calibre plumb above it, huge guns with arcs of fire reaching a score of miles out to sea and also, of course, covering the land frontier. Again, if certain expansionists want to re-acquire a dense population which, they insist, is of their own blood and tissue, they abstain from inflicting unnecessary injury upon it, if only out of good policy. Can you see a certain fleet or air arm bombarding or bombing 'Nizza la bella' even if they got the chance? Nor could either legitimately touch Monaco.

"Further confidence and security derive from the remarkable line of evacuation that the Riviera possesses in its rear. By good roads across the Alps untold numbers of residents, visitors, and locals could be on their way to inlying safety at the first suggestion of risk.

This last guess puts me in mind of a comical Monégasque situation of September crisis days. The Principality boasts about 1,800 cars, and by the night of the 28th, more than 1,500 were being driven north, filled with those who could afford it. Not many native Monégasques were of the exodus, since there are less than 2,000 such in a total population of 33,000, of which roundly 9,000 are French and as many again Italian. Each camp agrees to get on quietly with the other these ticklish times. The relative status of each is strangely like that in Tunis, where the French are the owners of land, property and business, and the Italians mostly represent the working-class. It is much the same in Monaco where a second resemblance is that all Italians must register at the French Consulate, which alone can grant or withhold to Italian nationals the imperative visa permitting them to work. Yet another similarity is that, as over in Tunisia, the Monaco Italians are the object of intensive action emanating from the local Fascist Casa degli Italiani.

Another comic happening centres on sandbags. The "beach" in Monte Carlo beach hails from St. Tropez whence a lorry service each spring brings over sand, sadly deficient at Roquebrune. The sand arrives in sacks, as it is first used to protect curves and corners at the annual wild motor chase or race through the streets of Monte Carlo. The sandbags are then carted along to the country club and emptied and combed and tended by the sea so blue. Last September this process was reversed. When war seemed a matter of hours the local authorities bethought themselves of the beach's sand and hurriedly dispatched labour gangs to fill it back into the sacks, with the result that in a few hours the chief buildings of the Principality were being sandbagged. Since then, a special consignment of sandbags has been arranged, and as the French are authorised by treaty to repel any inroad or attack on Monte Carlo, it is perhaps as well. Yet outwardly the Riviera betrays not an additional sign of preparedness.

Such lightheartedness does give the basic spirit of this coast even this dastardly year. I am told some have been inveighing against people "abandoning themselves to gaiety and indulgence while half the world is trembling." Why shouldn't they enjoy themselves? As one who has just circled the western Mediterranean by sea, air and land, and who fully appreciates the perilous currents already swirling in the sea that stretches away to the horizon before me, I fail to see how staying away from the Côte d'Azur at this juncture can aid Mr. Chamberlain or any other striver after peace.

About that breaking the bank. Here is news, at least to me, and it comes direct from authority. Between October 31, 1937, and November 1, 1938, the bank was broken 86 times in the Casino and 114 times in the Sporting Club. But there are two degrees of breaking the bank: what may be termed the "replenishing break" and the "break absolute."

At the beginning of each day tables are allotted anything from 200,000 francs to 500,000 francs to act as bank, according to the value of the plaques and jetons separately put in use at each table. When a chef de partie notes that the bank's stock is running low he writes out a chit for 100,000 francs or 200,000 additional francs, and technically this is breaking the bank, although few probably ever observe the supervisor's action. The bank's weakness has been foreseen and there occurs no hold-up in the play. It is different when a staker's winning is so swift and comprehensive that the chef de partie is caught short: for the payment of the winner there is literally not sufficient money in the bank and play has to be delayed for some minutes while it is obtained. This is what occurred with the Mr. Robertson I mentioned, who stacked high and wide on a fond fancy for No. 17, for it to turn up twice running and cause the only absolute breaking of the bank thus far this season.

FIGHTING A TEXAN OIL-WELL FIRE

A Dramatic Battle Against Nature Run Riot: One Element is Pitted Against Another

TO STOP THE RELENTLESS FLAMES which spouted from the casing *(left)*, the Texan fire-fighters diverted a canal and *(as depicted in centre)* the two elements were soon fighting out a bitter battle. Meanwhile, men went out on the boiling waters in a row-boat *(right)* equipped with a protective roof, but their efforts to cope with the situation were without avail. Shortly afterwards, however, they had the satisfaction of seeing the water triumph over its fiery opponent. Oil-well fires are frequent in Texas which, with an annual production of 427,000,000 barrels, contributes a quarter of the total world oil output

WITH VICTORY IN SIGHT for the fire-fighters, gas pressure causes the crater floor of the oil-well to explode, and the brilliant flames leap high. *Below*—To keep this steel crane from melting, constant streams of water are played on to it

THE BLAZE IS REFLECTED in the bodywork of one of the cars (*left*) employed by the fire-fighting organisation. *Right*—Fire-fighters advancing in phalanx formation behind a shield of corrugated sheet-iron. The holes in the screen are for hoses

ATTEMPTING TO STEM THE TIDE by capping the spouting well. A dramatic picture as fire-fighters battled with the Texan oil-well fire. The men are specially trained in such work and for the risks they take receive a high scale of remuneration

EXTREMISM IN THE UNITED STATES

The Long-Awaited Dies Report Challenges the Nazis and the Reds, Declaring them a Menace to the True American Spirit

THE final report of the Dies committee, which has been investigating un-American activities in the United States for the past six months, was presented to Congress on January 3 in Washington, D.C.

The report alleged that both Communist and Nazi forces are at work in an attempt to overthrow the democratic government of the United States and to destroy its free institutions.

As submitted to Congress, the 185-page report was mainly an attack on Communists and other radicals in the United States. At the outset of its activity, the committee paid considerable attention to pro-Nazi activity in the United States; but this line of inquiry was suddenly dropped in favour of a thorough Red-hunting expedition.

This change in course led to sharp and persistent criticism of the committee from left-wing groups in Congress and in labour circles, and from liberal and radical leaders all over the country. The report itself acknowledged the widespread adverse criticism, admitted that its work has been both defective and deficient, and claimed that the reason was to be found in the fact that its appropriation was limited to 25,000 dollars, and in the alleged fact that it received none of the departmental co-operation for which it asked.

By NELSON SPRINGER

The committee moved to secure additional funds for the continuation of its work. It was then reported that President Roosevelt will seek to dissolve the committee, but that he will not succeed, and that the work of the committee will go on.

The reason for this opinion is found in the fact that the Republican party made substantial gains in both houses of Congress at the elections last November, and in the additional fact that the conservative Democrats in Congress are now in open rebellion against the President. They believe that unless his lavish spending is curtailed he will ruin the country financially, and that the United States will be plunged into either Communism or Fascism.

The summary of the report's data sets forth the committee's conclusion that Communism is "energetically boring from within in labour, church, political, and other organisations, seeking either to control or destroy them."

The report also predicts that during the next two years, and prior to the next presidential election, Communism will seek to create a nation-wide farmer-labour party which it will undertake to dominate.

The Communist party deliberately provokes violence in labour disputes, the report states further, "in order to train a revolutionary group in the tactics of civil war."

Nazi activity, aimed at the destruction of American free institutions, the report declared, had been traced directly to government-controlled organisations in Germany.

It charged that the W.P.A. theatre project and the W.P.A. writers' project embrace a great many Communists who are using these organisations for Communist ends.

It condemned the use of the sit-down strike, and attacked John L. Lewis's C.I.O. as a menace to the nation. In its general analysis of Communist activity in the United States, the report is largely accurate according to my own knowledge.

The Communist party has almost entirely abandoned agitation among negroes for a rather amusing reason. As soon as a negro joins the party he wants to borrow money. That is about his only motive for

(Continued on page 218)

EXAMPLES OF "RED" LITERATURE displayed in New York last December at the Congress of American Industry. A picture that indicates the present concern in the United States at the growth of extremist political views, a subject which the Dies committee has lately been thoroughly investigating

CURVING GRACEFULLY FROM STEM TO STERN the great rowing boats of Travancore, south India, are a striking sight when fully manned and prepared for racing. This picture was taken during the Viceroy's recent visit to Travancore which was also the occasion of a rowing contest. The boats are pictured here at the starting line

THIS WAS THE WINNING CREW in the great Travancore Boat Race which was witnessed by the Viceroy and Vicereine, their Excellencies, Lord and Lady Linlithgow. In the centre the skipper is seen holding the cup

A BODYGUARD OF TRAVANCORE SPEARMEN standing bare to the waist as they await the arrival of the Viceroy, who inspected them during his visit. *Below*—Lord and Lady Linlithgow being received on arrival in Travancore

THE VICEROY SEES A BOAT RACE IN TRAVANCORE

During His Recent Visit to the South

WHAT WILL YUGOSLAVIA DO?

Though Germany and Italy Woo Her Assiduously, Her Astute Leaders may Decide it is Wiser to Sit on the Fence

YUGOSLAVIA is once again the centre of diplomatic attraction. She is being wooed by the Powers. Count Ciano, the Italian Foreign Minister, has just returned from a visit to the Yugoslav Premier, in Belgrade. Field-Marshal Göring will be the next distinguished foreign visitor to Belgrade.

The reason for all these comings and goings in the Yugoslav capital is the growing rivalry, within the Berlin–Rome Axis, between Berlin and Rome, for the leading position in south-eastern Europe.

In the sphere of general European politics, Nazi Germany and Fascist Italy march shoulder to shoulder. In the Danubian and Balkan sphere, however, they are in rivalry, although neither Herr Hitler nor Signor Mussolini would admit this fact openly. Signor Mussolini has been obliged to support Herr Hitler in Central Europe in return for German support for Italy in the Mediterranean. But so far all the success has been Germany's. After the Munich Agreement there began a number of chessboard moves. Italy tried to erect a barrier to any German expansion by backing the Polish-Hungarian bid for a common frontier at the expense of the Ruthenian province of Czechoslovakia. The attempt failed, and, in the German-Italian "Vienna Award," Italy was obliged by her partner in the Axis to give up her support of the Polish-Hungarian claims.

By C. F. MELVILLE

Since these events, Italy has been watching anxiously for the unfolding of Germany's plans. Hungary has gone very much into the German orbit; and Germany is now making a determined effort to draw Yugoslavia into her sphere of influence.

The Ciano visit to Belgrade seems to indicate that Italy is now seeking to create a new Central European grouping composed of Hungary, Yugoslavia, Rumania and, possibly, Poland, under Italian aegis.

The key to this situation is in Belgrade, but it has become much complicated since the sudden defeat of M. Stoyadinovitch, Prime Minister of Yugoslavia. Hence, people are now asking the following questions:—

Will Yugoslavia adhere to the Berlin-Rome Axis or will she remain faithful to the London-Paris Entente? Will Yugoslavia—if she does adhere to the Axis—incline towards the Berlin end or the Rome end? Will Yugoslavia become a Fascist State, or will she remain at least a quasi-democracy? To M. Stoyadinovitch, both within and without Yugoslavia, was attributed all these possibilities. He was a dark horse, and therefore his critics accused him of any of these things in accordance with their own particular point of view. Now he is gone, but his temporary political passing is over a domestic issue.

All these speculations have, of course, received additional colour from the fact that Yugoslavia has just emerged from a fiercely contested election in which local political battles have been fought out against the background of European uncertainty.

I think the truth of the matter may be said to be something much more moderate than any of these speculative alternatives.

Yugoslavia has some very astute leaders and it is probable that they do not wish to enter any of the European groupings They must not be concerned with rival ideologies. Stoyadinovitch was accused of pro-Germanism, but this is neither accurate nor fair. Germany is admired but not beloved in Yugoslavia. She is Yugoslavia's most powerful neighbour and also the source of the greater part of Yugoslav

(Continued on page 218)

VANQUISHED LEADER: M. Stoyadinovitch, the Yugoslav Premier, whose cabinet was defeated on Friday of last week on the question of Yugoslav unity. This largely domestic issue has, of course, complicated matters with regard to the country's conduct of foreign policy

ASIA MINOR'S LOST CITIES: *Impressive Ruins Almost Unknown to the Western World: A New Series of Pictures*

REMINDER OF A CITY'S VANISHED POMP: Massive walls in the humble Turkish village of Palatea on the River Maeander (Menderes), south-western Asia Minor, where only ruins now proclaim that this was once the great metropolis of Miletus which before the fifth century of the Christian era was the largest, most populous, and wealthiest centre of commerce within the Grecian sphere of influence, its Ionian settlers having grown prosperous by sending out their fleets and creating no fewer than seventy subject colonies. Until quite recently, insufficient attention has been paid to the Græco-Roman ruins of Palatea, but the Turkish Government is actively engaged in preservation work there, thus lending special interest to the newly-taken pictures on this and the following pages

WHERE THE MILETANS WORSHIPPED: Magnificent columns in the ruins of the temple of Apollo of Didymi, much of which dates from the days when Alexander the Great was spreading his power into Asia Minor. The temple is near the village of Palatea, marking the site of old Miletus, and belongs to a region which abounds in the most extraordinary ruins, many of them in a marvellous state of preservation. Few people, however, have in modern times seen this architectural wonderland, for it is right off the beaten track, having no adequate communication either by rail or sea. The appearance of a European visitor is accounted quite remarkable and there is no doubt that south-western Asia Minor is, even in these days of wide travel, one of the least known parts of the Near East

ASIA MINOR'S

WHERE CRŒSUS ONCE HELD SWAY: The wonderful but little-known ruins of the Ionic temple of Cybele on the site of the old Lydian capital at the foot of Mount Tmolus about 70 miles due east of Smyrna in a mountainous region difficult of access and consequently very seldom visited by Europeans. The place was taken by the Athenians and Ionians from the Persians about the year 498 B.C. and was later an important Roman city

THE SEATS OF HONOUR in the theatre at Priene, whi heyday must have been a perfect type of Greek tow ruins reveal that the 4,000 or more inhabitants lived a li and comfort with the nearby parent Ionian city of Miletus

IN A WORLD UNKNOWN: Magnificently detailed architectural work amid the ruins of Balkis Kalé (the ancient Aspendus), a town that remains completely remote from the tourist world, its wonders for the most part unknown to the European traveller. It is possible that the Turkish Government will shortly give greater prominence to the antiquities of this place which is remarkably well preserved despite the fact that some of the edifices have been plundered for stone. Many of the public buildings round the Forum are still standing

DEFYING THE HAND OF TIME, this massive series of a Balkis Kalé could in no way be termed ruins, such is t of their preservation. Few archæologists have ever pe this southern region and subsequently recorded their find in 1818 there appeared a most valuable work entitled *Ka*

LOST CITIES: Wonder Ruins of Priene, Tmolus, and Aspendus

hich in its
wn, for its
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over their defence. Priene did not make a stir in the world, remaining to a large extent aloof from the events that were being enacted in the Asia Minor of 2,300 years ago, Alexander the Great having assured it autonomy. Finally, however, it was annexed by Rome

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"a brief description of the south coast of Asia Minor and the remains of antiquity," while in 1838 Charles Fellows added to the world's scanty knowledge of the area by publishing a detailed and most informative journal of his visit. Since then there has been a gap of a hundred years during which very little has been written on the subject

THE ANCIENT RAMPARTS OF BALKIS KALE, a town in the Syrian Taurus region to the west of Adalia in southern Asia Minor. Balkis Kalé stands on the site of Aspendus, an ancient Pamphylian city whose ruins are only now beginning to receive the architectural attention that they deserve. The Turkish Government is taking active steps to preserve the place

RIVALLING NIMES: The magnificent Roman amphitheatre at Balkis Kalé, southern Asia Minor, is situated on an isolated hill on the right bank of the Eurymedon at the point where the river issues from the Taurus mountains. The theatre, which is in a wonderful state of preservation, was built in honour of the Emperors Marcus Aurelius and Verus. There are no fewer than forty tiers of seating, having accommodation for 7,500 spectators

ASIA MINOR'S LOST CITIES

Architectural Wonders Right Off the Beaten Track in Turkey

THIS TRIUMPHAL ARCH AT ANTALYA evidences the rich architectural legacy of Græco-Roman days that remains to be properly investigated by archæologists visiting the little-known south coast of Asia Minor. Antalya was built by Attalus II of Pergamum (d. 133 B.C.) who left his domains to the Romans

DESOLATE AND UNTENDED stands this ancient archway at Uzunca-Burc in the Cilician Taurus, southern Asia Minor, a region of many magnificent ruins of which the world has been left in almost complete ignorance. Even Turkish people very seldom visit the place, so poor are communications there

ON this and the foregoing pages an attempt has been made to show something of the ancient architectural wonders of Asia Minor of which we in the western world know so little owing to the extraordinary inaccessibility of their situation. The accompanying pictures are, indeed, a revelation to most of us of the richness of the antiquities of southern and south-eastern Asia Minor, regions colonised by the Dorians and Ionians and upon which, in turn, Alexander's conquering Macedonians, the Roman legions, and the Mongol hordes left their impress both by the constructive and the destructive work they wrought.

It was not until the end of the seventeenth century that archæologists paid any real attention to Asia Minor, and although Tavernier's account of his travels in 1676 set the ball rolling, so to speak, it may still be said in this third decade of the twentieth century that the surface of research has been but barely touched. Between 1803, when Hamilton and Sietzen published their work, and 1838, when Fellowes recorded his findings, bibliographical activity was extensive, but, comparatively little reference was made to the Taurus region in the south, where some of the most magnificent ruins are situated.

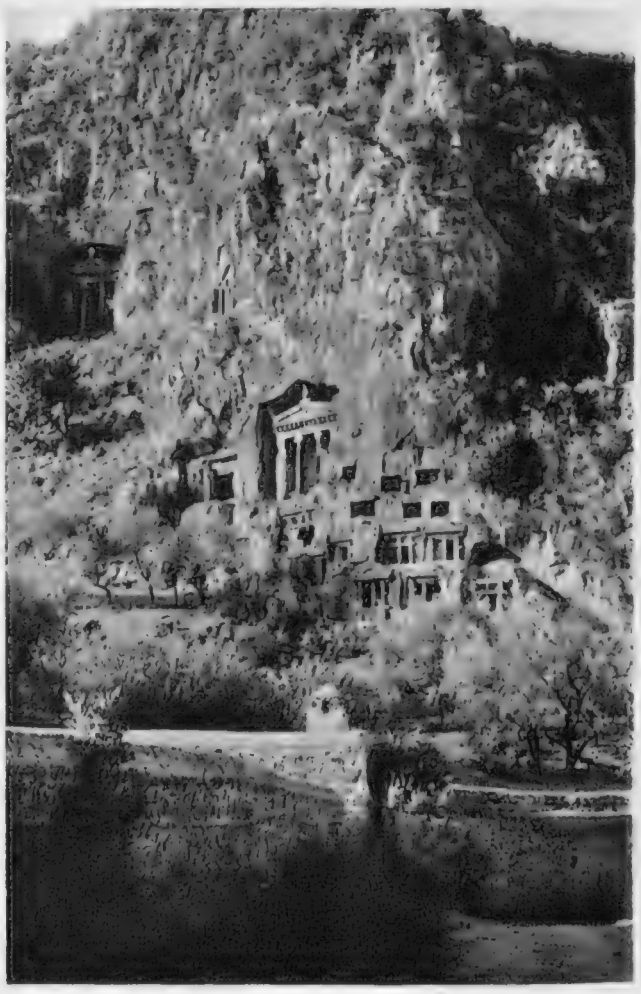
It is good to know, therefore, that the Turkish Government is taking an increased interest in the work of preservation, and it is possible that in time to come the ruins of the Taurus will be made more accessible.

On right—THE ROCK TOMBS OF FETHIYE, the Xanthus of ancient geography, were among the many antiquities discovered by Fellowes when he penetrated to the heart of Asia Minor about 100 years ago

On left—OVERGROWN WITH TANGLED BRUSHWOOD, but still magnificent in its decay, is the Græco-Roman amphitheatre at Eski Adalia. Known to the ancients as Side, it was the chief port of Pamphylia and bore a very evil reputation prior to the tenth century. The Pamphylians were a mixed race of aborigines, Cilicians, and Greek colonists, speaking a language with a Greek basis but much corrupted by the infusion of barbaric elements. Many of the old buildings are in a remarkable state of preservation

MASSIVE COLUMNS OF THE TEMPLE OF CYBELE in the old Lydian capital at the foot of Mount Tmolus, 70 miles east of Smyrna. It is astonishing to reflect that these have stood intact since the days of Crœsus, that monarch of fabulous wealth who made nearly all the Greek settlements of Asia Minor his tributaries

CRUMBLING TEMPLES, their columns worn by the action of wind and rain, in one of the dead cities of the Cilician Taurus. In classical times this part of the southern Asia Minor coast was the resort of pirates. To-day it is almost wholly deserted



THE FARMERS MARCH THROUGH LONDON AND PROTEST TURNS TO PRAISE

How the Appointment of the New Agriculture Minister Caused a Sudden Change of Front : The Walk to Westminster

"JUSTICE FOR THE LAND" AND "SAVE AGRICULTURE" were some of the slogans borne by East Anglian farmers as they walked through London last week in what was originally intended should be a march of protest but, at the eleventh hour, became a march in support of the new Minister of Agriculture, Sir Reginald Dorman-Smith, whose appointment has quite evidently pleased the farming community. Most of the marchers wore ears of wheat in their button-holes and hat-bands, while as they proceeded along the Embankment to Central Hall, Westminster, they kept step to the music of "The Farmer's Boy." At the Central Hall a resolution was carried to the effect that, "This meeting pledges its wholehearted support to Sir Reginald Dorman-Smith in his responsible and difficult task"

WHILE THE EAST ANGLIAN FARMERS WERE MARCHING THROUGH LONDON many of their colleagues at home were fighting a desperate battle to stem the serious Fenland floods. *Above* — The great gap in Soham Lode through which the water poured onto the surrounding countryside, and (*on left*) volunteers engaged in building up the dykes with sandbags at aptly-named Lakenheath in an attempt to prevent an overflow onto their land

A DIARY OF A.R.P. PROGRESS

A Day-to-Day Record of What Is Going on in the Field of Passive Defence: The Situation of Properly Owners

JANUARY 21. Property owners are now awaiting details of the Government's plan for war risks, which the Chancellor of the Exchequer has announced is under active consideration. Sir John Lorden, a past president of the National Federation of Property Owners, stated that there had been a great drop in the value of property since the crisis.

It is claimed that country camps would be very beneficial in peace time as aids to physical fitness and as holiday centres, and in the event of war would greatly assist the problem of evacuation.

Pressure continues to be brought upon Sir John Anderson to provide for the construction of public air-raid shelters. Mr. Cyril Helsby who, as engineer, has made an intensive study of Barcelona's defences, states that it is easily possible to construct economically air-raid shelters and casualty clearing stations that would afford complete protection even against a direct hit from the heaviest type of bomb, and that accommodation for hundreds of thousands of people could be completed within a few weeks.

Two thousand volunteers took part in a practice air-raid evacuation in Paris, one woman bringing a doll with her to represent her child.

January 22. Apprehension is expressed by Sir Walter Kirke, Director-General of the Territorial Army, lest the necessary concentration on the novel problems of A.R.P. should give the impression that relatively too much attention is being devoted to the importance of purely passive defence as compared with that demanded for the active service and adequate powers of reprisal. It is pointed out that a prize-fighter never won his title by passive defence alone.

January 23. Simultaneously with the opening of the National Service recruiting week, a "no-conscription movement" is launched by Mr. Fenner Brockway, secretary of the I.L.P., in opposition to the National Register. In quarters where it is complained that the "movement" is irrelevant, it is pointed out that the emphasis of the Register is, perhaps excessively, in the direction of combing-out from prospective combatants those who should be non-combatants, and not of putting the whole male population into uniform. Letters from would-be National Service volunteers protest at being disqualified by a too-considerate age limit.

January 24. Some local authorities administering districts in which it is vital that protection be afforded, strenuously oppose the placement of fixed anti-aircraft guns in the only positions where they could, in an emergency, operate effectively. They say that if there was an air raid and the guns were fired off, the concussion would break the windows of nearby council houses.

A memorandum was circulated to all local authorities 24 hours in advance of the National Service handbook. All volunteers accepted for whole-time or part-time service in war will now be required to sign a special undertaking. Rates of pay for whole-time volunteers in war-time will be announced soon.

Only a limited number of men will be accepted for whole-time service in A.R.P. during war-time. These will be apportioned to localities and to particular services "to secure the maximum of efficiency of the air-raid precautions organisation in relation to probable intensity of risk."

In his broadcast from No. 10 Downing Street, Mr. Chamberlain, speaking about the National Service scheme, said, "We in this country would never begin a war. But we might be forced to take part in a war begun by others, or we might be attacked ourselves if the government of some other country were to think we could not defend ourselves effectively. . . . Modern war is not like the wars of the past. The development of air forces has deprived us of our old island security, and in our case, as in the case of Continental countries, the civilians would be the victims of attack as much as soldiers, sailors or airmen. Indeed, they might very likely be the first victims. . . . There will be no time to train after war starts. What we ask those of you who are ready to volunteer and are not already engaged in work essential to the country's security, which is itself National Service, is to choose (from the handbook) one of those other forms of service and to undertake the necessary training forthwith. . . . There are some who sincerely believe that a compulsory scheme would be more effective . . . we are confident that we shall get all the volunteers we want without recourse to compulsion. . . . Our proposals give you your opportunity; it is for you to show the world what a free people are prepared to do in defence of their liberties and the ideals in which they believe."

January 25. Details of the Government's scheme for the organisation of National Defence on a voluntary basis have been announced. Particulars are issued of occupations of such national importance that workers are classed as "reserved," that is exempt from military service. Between 6,000,000 and 7,000,000 persons in 250 trades are involved, or half the nation's man-power. The provisional official list of trades has been issued in alphabetical order. Up to 1,800,000 civilians between the ages of 16 and 65 are needed for volunteer defence service. The handbook describes 50 services and 100 different tasks for men and women. The Ministry of Labour is also setting up a special bureau for men and women with professional, scientific or technical qualifications who are prepared to undertake specialised work. Compensation for death or disablement in the course of duty during war will be paid to part-time and whole-time volunteers.

Speaking at the National Service rally at the Albert Hall, Sir John Anderson, Minister for Civilian Defence, declared that it was the courage of the men and women of this country which would decide the outcome of a war.

More than 10,000,000 of the 20,000,000 copies of the National Service handbook were distributed throughout Britain to-day.

January 26. Mr. Duff Cooper, speaking at Caxton Hall, Westminster, said that if the National Service scheme failed we need not be afraid to resort to compulsion. There was nothing in a compulsory system of national service that was undemocratic. Compulsion meant the same for all.

The possibility of general training or instruction for the public on a far wider scale than hitherto provided by A.R.P. organisation is closely occupying the attention of Sir John Anderson. This will not necessarily be physical training, but the task of 1,800,000 A.R.P. workers in emergency will be greatly lightened if the public can co-operate intelligently with them.

January 27. First returns of volunteers enrolled for all services will be made on February 18, and will cover the period from January 1. Thereafter, returns will be made by National Service committees every fortnight.

It is urged that the framework of A.R.P. should be adjusted from locality to locality in view of the difference, not merely between town and country but between east and west, in vulnerability.

A new syllabus of training for wardens provides for instruction in dealing with incendiary bombs and "elementary methods of precaution against high explosive." This tardy recognition of the main danger—which has never been gas—will encourage many who have been sceptical concerning the realistic basis of A.R.P. courses. No less welcome is the advice, given in the two new circulars issued to local authorities by Sir John Anderson's staff, that is concerned with the provision at public cost of training centres with social facilities, such as are provided by the better Territorial drill halls.

January 28. Mr. Malcolm MacDonald, Secretary for the Dominions and Colonies, speaking at Leeds last night, said that to-day there was a new responsibility, the whole of which cannot be thrown on the shoulders of Ministers. It was the turn of the private citizen to take his hand in influencing international events. This, he declared, was a matter on which all parties were united, from the extreme Left to the extreme Right.

Opinion in Barcelona was on the whole against using basements as refuges unless they were specially strengthened and

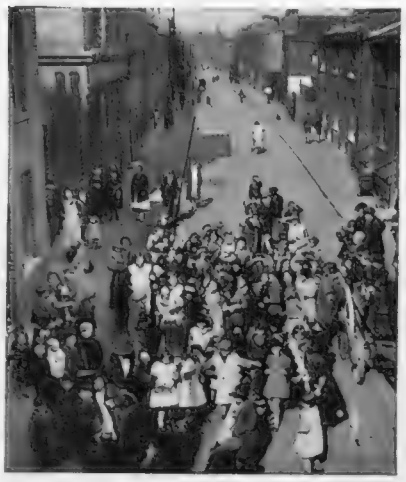
(Continued on page 218)

MASS PRODUCING TO MEET A.R.P. NEEDS: Hundreds of shaped arches for air-raid shelters at the Cardiff works where they are at present being manufactured in large quantities. Britain will have sufficient shelters of this kind to accommodate 20,000,000 persons

THESE ARE THE STEEL LININGS of the air-raid shelters which are being made at a big factory in Cardiff and are said to be capable of resisting reasonable blast or splinters from bombs dropped only 50 ft. away. They can be left out in the open without rusting

A FINISHED SPECIMEN SHELTER after completion at the Cardiff works. The pattern has met with the approval of the Government which recommends its use in the gardens of houses having no basement. It is said that the fall of a 16-ft. wall from an angle would still leave such a shelter intact

BRITAIN'S FIRST PERMANENT A.R.P. TRENCHES: A view of the main entrance to the fine system of passages which has been excavated beneath Islington Green, London, N., and which was recently opened by Sir John Anderson, the Minister for Civil Defence



LONDON SLUM STREETS LIKE THIS have undergone radical alteration of recent years, the houses having in many cases given way to blocks of tenement flats. These tenements present an A.R.P. problem entirely their own, as there are no basements to offer adequate refuge

MODERN TENEMENT FLATS IN DEPTFORD: Buildings of a kind that are difficult to deal with as regards A.R.P. It is suggested that the best way to protect the tenants is to construct permanent covered trenches in communication with the main buildings

AN EXAMPLE OF INDIVIDUAL EFFORT: This A.R.P. dug-out has been built in a garden at Sutton, Surrey, at a cost of 25s., and is said to provide complete protection from practically anything but a direct hit. It is 8 ft. long, 5 ft. wide, and 7 ft. high, while the roof is placed 3 ft. below the ground level

IN THE GROUNDS OF THE OLD PRISON AT PRESTON members of the local auxiliary fire service are seen pulling their pumping trailer. Preston's A.F.S. is one of the most go-ahead in England and already 222 auxiliary firemen are well on with their training

PHOTOGRAPHY'S CENTENARY

The Work of the Pioneers in the 40's, 50's, and 60's of Last Century

EARLY EFFORTS: On January 31, 1839, Fox Talbot read a paper to the Royal Society describing his pioneering experiments in photography, and it is the centenary of that event that is now being celebrated in this country, and to all intents and purposes it may really be called the centenary of photography. *Left*—Sir Henry Taylor (1800-86), author of *Philip van Artevelde*; a camera-portrait by Julia Margaret Cameron, the first amateur to outrival professional work. She began to take pictures in 1864. *Centre*—A very early outdoor picture (*circa* 1844) by Fox Talbot, the great English rival of Daguerre and creator of the calotype process. *Right*—A self-portrait by David Octavius Hill, an artist with a flair for composition, who collaborated with Robert Adamson, a chemist, between 1843 and 1848

THE ANGLER AND THE MARKSMAN: Two very fine compositions illustrative of sporting life. They were taken between 1855 and 1860 and evidence the immense strides that photography made in the fifteen or twenty years after Fox Talbot first surprised the world with his discoveries. The poses are unquestionably most naturalistic

THE ERECTION OF THE CRYSTAL PALACE ON SYDENHAM HEIGHTS is the subject of these two pictures taken in 1853 at a time of immense development in the photographic field, for it was in the '50's that Gaudin was completing his researches with regard to dry plates and Taupenot was putting those ideas into practice. The left-hand illustration shows the south water tower (designed by I. K. Brunel) in the early stages of construction. It will be noted that the surrounding land was then very open, with only a few houses. Sydenham, indeed, was a rural area in those days, but before the end of the Victorian era it was destined to become fashionable

SPRING SUITS

Triangular Distinction: An unusual but very attractive bag in black suede with pipings of patent leather and a handsome gilt mount and clasp. Lined with satin, it has a deep centre purse and it will hold a surprising amount of things without losing its shape. It costs only 2 guineas and comes from Revelation, 145, Piccadilly, London

Link Fastenings and Clear Stripes.—Here is a grand all-occasion suit, neat and trim and gay. It is cut on the simplest possible lines, the jacket well waisted and fastened with link buttons, and the skirt slender and straight, with an inverted pleat at the front. It is made in worsted—there are several excellent and practical colours, all with a woven white stripe—and it costs 5½ guineas at Waring and Gillow

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Outsize Rainbow Checks.—Colour is to be the thing this spring. Lots of it, used with subtlety and imagination. On the right is a suit in Otterburn tweed, the amethyst skirt flecked with multi-colours, and the jacket and topcoat checked in lichen green. It is shower-proofed, and the slip-on topcoat and the jacket can both be made in the plain tweed. The suit costs 7 guineas, and the coat 6 guineas

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Triumph of Sound Sense: Two bags for the practically-minded woman. The first represents most amazing value, for it is a pigskin kit-bag, with a pocket for a passport, a mirror, a purse, and a gilt lock—all for one guinea. And the soft calf pochette is the same price, with an additional 5s. 6d. for the monogram. It is exceptionally capacious, it has a zip-fastened pocket inside, an attached purse, a mirror, and a lipstick pocket. These, too, come from Revelation

SNOW *and* FLOODS *in the* HOME COUNTIES: Emergency Conditions at Windsor and Eton

CHILLED LAMB: Newly-borns on a Hertfordshire farm have been finding the world a very cold and uncongenial place, and needless to say the shepherds have had an anxious time looking after their welfare. Many of the lambs have been brought into the farmhouses for artificial feeding and in order to warm up

Drawn by Percy Home

THE SILHOUETTE OF WINDSOR'S BATTLEMENTS FROM ETON'S FLOODED MEADOWS: The whole of Eton became surrounded by water during the peak of the flood last week. The medieval aspect of Windsor town and castle is particularly striking at such a time, although the inhabitants are scarcely likely to view the matter from this angle. The main road through the town to Windsor has not been affected

AS THE WATER ROSE waitresses at the Bridge Hotel, Windsor, watched its advance. The cellars were completely inundated, as they have been in many other buildings throughout the town

Drawn by Percy Home

WINDSOR CASTLE TOWERS ABOVE THE FLOODED COUNTRYSIDE: The spectacle at Windsor during flood-time has been remarkable. The narrowing of the river at the town bridge, and just below, produces a swirling of the waters which reveals to the eye the immensity of the flood. Above this rushing, chafing torrent rises the huge mass of the Round Tower. On a stormy afternoon the scene takes on a threatening air

ETON COLLEGE HAS BEEN MAROONED and so close have the waters approached at some points that the college boys have actually been feeding the swans from their bedroom windows

THE COMEDIE FRANCAISE TO PLAY IN LONDON: Beatrix Bretty, Ledoux, and Jean Weber in *Le Legataire Universel*, one of the plays which will be given when France's famed national company comes to the West End on February 28. This is the first time since 1893 that the Comedie Francaise has appeared in London officially, although they were here a few years ago in an unofficial capacity. It is hoped that the King and Queen will attend one of the gala performances

A SPOT OF TROUBLE IN A DIEPPE CAFE: Mrs. Fleming (Diana Churchill) has a gay evening after a quarrel with her family. A scene from *Tony Draws a Horse*, the new play at the Criterion, which proves good light entertainment and is much in the same manner as *French Without Tears*, its record-breaking predecessor

On left—A NOTED CHARACTER ACTOR PASSES: A recent camera study of Roy Byford, who died on January 31 at Hammersmith Hospital at the age of sixty-six. During the latter part of his half-century on the stage his round, jolly face, crowned with white, straggling hair, was familiar to London playgoers and he was much in demand in playing the parts of bolsterously jovial or choleric elderly men

THE HORRIFIC

ON STAGE AND SCREEN
Reviewed by
PHILIP PAGE

REPRESENTATIONS of physical torture on the stage most normal people find unbearable, and rightly so. That applies mainly, though not exclusively, to this country, in which the Grand Guignol type of stuff has never really taken root, in spite of several attempts.

At the Little Theatre some years ago one of these Grand Guignol seasons included a dreadful play about a half-mad young girl being locked in a room at a lunatic asylum with some quite-mad old women, who did horrible things with knitting needles. One or two people in the stalls fainted, and I recollect walking up and down the then-existing Adelphi Terrace to see what fresh air could do by way of a cure.

Gas Light, the new "thriller"—for I suppose that is what it must be called—at the Apollo does not have such dire effects on the squeamish, for it is concerned not with torture of the body but with torture of the mind, which is more subtly repellent. The story is of a domineering Victorian husband, incidentally a murderer and a thief, who, knowing his wife to be, as the Victorians used to say, a bit balmy on the crumpet, seeks to make her completely so. In the opening scene she begs him to take her to the theatre, which, considering the drabness of that room in which the whole of the action is most economically made to take place, was not a surprising request. Of course, he refuses; if he had consented he would probably have taken her to some such play as *Gas Light* in order to make her still more jumpy.

He mentally flagellates her in every conceivable way; accuses her of shifting a picture he knows she did not shift; humiliates her before the servants, and so forth. Apart from doing this simply because it is cruel, his further object (a point not made as clear as it might have been) seems to be in some way involved with the fact that years before he had killed an old woman in the room upstairs because he wanted her jewels. He is defeated by a detective, who, vigorously though Mr. Milton Rosmer played the part, was as preposterous as the language he talked. But, then, nearly everyone in that tiny cast spoke in the stilted phrases of the inferior type of Victorian novel.

It may be granted that the English of forty or fifty years ago was probably not the fluid and elastic speech it is to-day, nor had the advent of the cinema semi-Americanised it. Yet in moments of stress and excitement real human beings talk much the same in almost any age. An arrested murderer, being bound with ropes, does not address his captors (as he does in this play) as "gentlemen." A man having a good old row with his wife does not call her "madam," and, I venture to think, never did, even in the '80's.

For all that, *Gas Light* has a certain horrific quality which the same author, Mr. Patrick Hamilton, displayed in his *Rope*. It is horrific not because of archaic trappings, gas lamps which mysteriously grow dim at tense moments, side-whiskers on the men as well as on the dialogue, and other carefully evolved "effects," but in spite of them. Its morbid psychology is far more valuable than its crime thrills. Miss Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies recognised the importance of the former and brilliantly revelled in it, giving a pathetic and eerie performance as a woman fighting against imbecility.

"Walk in the Sun" (Embassy). — The Embassy Theatre has sent to the West End plenty of better plays than Mr. Norman Ginsbury's *Walk in the Sun*. On the other hand, many worse plays have been born in the West End right away and have managed to flourish there. His characters remain human beings, even when they talk priggishly of "the Higher Love" (this had no religious application, though Heaven alone knows what it means) and of "realising" their own lives. Nearly all of them are unattractive human beings, and nearly all of them belong to the same family, from which it may be gathered that it is hardly an attractive one.

The exception is the quiet, understanding widowed mother, played most pathetically and sympathetically by Miss Barbara Everest. One of her daughters, fed up with family bickering, drinks poison. One of her sons, a pompous ass with a taste for laborious facetiousness, is deserted by his pretty blonde wife, who goes off with his younger brother. Neither brother appeared to be interested in her. The pompous one (Mr. Aubrey Dexter) was more concerned with his dud epigrams; the other one (Mr. Terence de Marney) seemed to be occupied only with himself, a subject which put him in a state of peevishness which lasted throughout the play.

The author has the essential knack of knowing how to get people on and off the stage naturally, and to give everyone and everything a life-like flavour. Which means that he should write a really good play

A RURITANIAN FILM DRAMA: Elvire Popesco as Queen Sophie in *Education de Prince*, a French comedy picture which was last week given its London premiere at the Curzon, Mayfair

n SIDEWHISKERS at the APOLLO

Where Patrick Hamilton's "Gas Light" May Repeat the Success of "Rope" Despite Its Victorian Trappings

when he is dealing with a more interesting theme and less obnoxious types.

"The Importance of Being Earnest." – Wilde's immortal absurdity has recently been revived in New York. Of that production my distinguished *confrère*, Mr. Robert Benchley, wrote:—

"There is no sense in going into the merits of *The Importance of Being Earnest*, as they have been gone into. They have not only been gone into, but have been lifted and introduced into other comedies for forty years, until they have practically no shock value left. At this late date the only news about a performance of Wilde's work can deal with the acting."

That applies exactly to the present series of matinees at the Globe. Let me point out in passing that these are charity matinees, the proceeds accruing to *theatrical* charities. It is not realised as fully or as widely as it should be that stage folk in this country are continually appearing in plays, cabarets and so forth for almost every charitable object save that in which they are immediately concerned.

In this revival there is one's money's worth full to the brim and flowing over. The veterans who remember the original production at the St. James's in 1895 are loud in their praise of the recaptured magic. I can only, as a comparative youngster, add my tribute to the flawless performances of Mr. John Gielgud, Miss Edith Evans and others, and, for sweet charity's sake, refrain from mentioning the one and only performance which was very far from flawless.

"Worth a Million."—Mr. Vernon Sylvaine's not-so-very new farce at the Saville Theatre is the sort of thing which used to be described as "side-splitting knock-about," with returned roysterers saying "What a night!" and clasping their hang-overish heads. Possibly this actually was said, for in one of the earlier scenes Mr. Edmund Gwenn is discovered in bed after nocturnal adventures elsewhere, and is awakened by his valet, a moron who is supposed to have come into a fortune.

Then the plot, as they say, thickens, and becomes, in fact, so thick that for the rest of the evening it pours itself out in a viscous stream of unfunniness. Not that it lacks all sorts of immensely noisy and restless happenings; each scene is packed with them. Probably with less hysterical activity there would have been more fun, for the author's initial idea was not at all bad. The trouble was that he refused to stick to it and plunged everybody into a blithering sequence of auxiliary comicalities impossible to follow and unnecessary to describe. In all fairness I must admit that as a non-laugher at the first performance I was in the minority; a small boy sitting near me nearly laughed himself out of his kilt.

That brilliant actor, Mr. Gwenn, did the only thing possible with material of such a type—he kept the ball a-rolling with an unceasing vigour which deserves the highest praise if only on physical grounds. There was no more scope here for his finer qualities as an artist than there would be at a football match.

Mr. Claude Hulbert, who plays the valet, makes a speciality of a moronic appearance and managed to win some laughter by means of strange clothes and acrobatic tumblings. As is the case with most farces, the ladies in the cast do not get many chances. Miss Ruby Miller cleverly makes the most of hers, whether seductively indignant in elaborate garments or "vamping" Mr. Gwenn in something much less elaborate. As a pretty typist Miss Diana Beaumont amusingly made it clear that in that financier's office it was not expert stenography that got her the job.

FARMHOUSE MELODRAMA: The family group round the tea-table in *They Walk Alone*, which, despite its inconsistencies, has been proving quite a draw at the Shaftesbury. Left to right—Jimmy Hanley as the callow son of the house; Beatrix Lehmann as the sinister maid; Peter Standfast as the lovesick, stick-in-the-mud Saul; Rene Ray as Saul's fiancée; Beckett Bould as farmer Tallent, dressed in his best for a village dance; and Alastair McIntyre as Bob Stanforth

DARK DOINGS in Max Catto's play, *They Walk Alone*. Bess Stanforth (Carol Goodner) stands scared at the strange appearance of the maid, Emmy (Beatrix Lehmann), and suddenly realises that it is she who is responsible for the series of murders of young men that have driven the village into a state of terror. *On right*—Emmy and one of her potential victims, the wretched Larry (Jimmy Hanley)

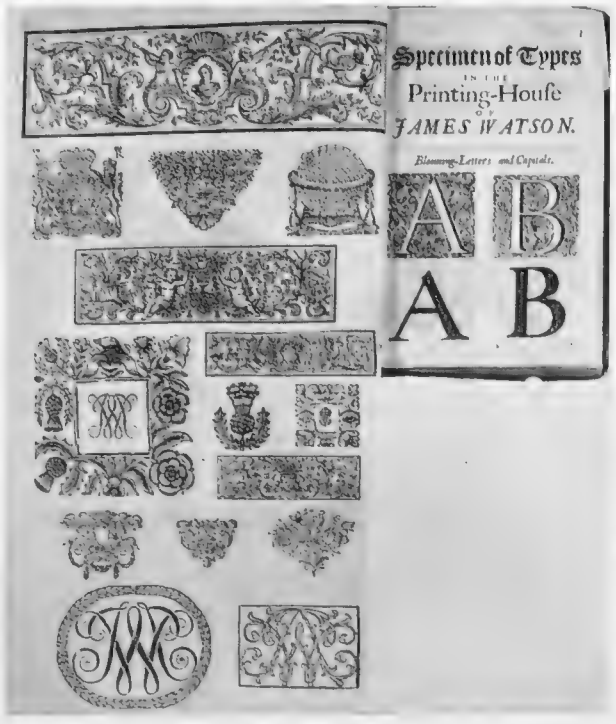
GWEN FFRANGCON-DAVIES HAS A HIGHLY EMOTIONAL ROLE in Patrick Hamilton's *Gas Light* at the Apollo, portraying a woman who is slowly being driven out of her mind

"The Sleeping Princess" (Ballet). While I have never been able to revel in the Sadler's Wells productions of operas demanding, as do those of Wagner, much scenic and orchestral elaboration the ballet company seem to be able to tackle anything with success. Their most ambitious bid they have just made with Tchaikowsky's *The Sleeping Princess*. Given, as it was, in its entirety this is really a big affair, and the Wells people have indeed "put it over big."

That such effects could have been secured on a stage which is not larger than that of a normal theatre is almost miraculous, for this ballet demands the vasty acreage of Covent Garden or the Paris Opera. Secured they were, and admirably, too. The orchestra did its difficult part perfectly, thanks largely to Mr. Constant Lambert's conducting, for Mr. Lambert really understands ballet.

But the dancing was the main thing and can stand comparison with modern Russian standards and, possibly, even with those of the old Imperial Theatre of Russia, where this ballet was born. Miss Margot Fonteyn was technically perfect and personally charming as the Princess Aurora. The principal male dancer is Mr. Robert Helpmann, who only a few weeks since was playing Oberon at the Old Vic—and I never saw even actors of experience play it better.

EARLY SCOTTISH PRINTING AT THE R.A.



TREASURES FROM THE NATIONAL LIBRARY OF SCOTLAND have a justifiable place in the Scottish Art Exhibition and foremost among them are The Chepman and Myllar Prints (*left*), which date from 1508 and constitute the earliest example of Scottish printing. *Centre*—Specimens of type and ornament used by James Watson the Younger, an Edinburgh printer of renown in the early years of the 18th century. *Right*—The opening page of Henryson's Fables which were printed in Edinburgh in 1571

WHEN BYRON WOOED MELBOURNE'S WIFE

A Tragic Episode Retold by Lord David Cecil in His Story of the Early Life of a Great Victorian Statesman

THERE was never a man whose life fell into two such sharply contrasted halves as William Lamb, later to become Lord Melbourne and Queen Victoria's most respected adviser. In his youth he spent his time in brilliant and cultured company, but it was Whig company, and not renowned either for depth of feeling or soberness of opinion. His life was that of any young man of fashion: cards, dinner parties, and all the rest of it.

There was nothing in all this to suggest the old and revered statesman that he was in the latter part of his existence, and nothing about his character to foretell the man of judgment and maturity whose wisdom was so deeply to affect England's policy. William Lamb seems to have had scarcely any affinity with Lord Melbourne, and it is with William Lamb that Lord David Cecil deals in his scholarly and charming **THE YOUNG MELBOURNE** (Constable. 10s.).

William Lamb's upbringing at Melbourne House and later at Devonshire House was a liberal education in every possible sense. The beautiful Duchess of Devonshire and her sister, Lady Bessborough, had enough interest in an intelligent and personable young man of good breeding to spare him some of their affection, and his own home circle was not without distinction or variety.

When he was still young he married Caroline Ponsonby, of whom he had once said laughingly "of all the Devonshire House girls, that is the one for me." Poor Caroline's story was to end in misery, but it was not to be a tragedy of William's making. His nature was essentially sweet and forbearing, and he felt towards Caroline, even in her maddest and most provoking moments, as one might feel towards a beloved and irresponsible child.

Nevertheless, Caroline Lamb was a trial, even to the most patient of men, and her catastrophic affair with Byron, or rather her notorious lack of control when that affair was coming to an end, lost her the place to which she was entitled in the elegant society of that day. It was a cynical society, but not one that would tolerate bad manners, and in the end poor Caroline was ostracised and virtually exiled from London.

William Lamb's treatment of her during this time is difficult to appreciate, but Lord David Cecil takes the view that he felt a responsibility for her, and that, in spite of everything, for Byron's "beautiful pale face" had not been the only one to move her to excesses of emotion, William Lamb could never forget the very real moments of happiness and shared love that she had brought him. Certainly he was the only one to remain faithful, and protested bitterly at Byron's treatment of her. His friendship, or his love, was totally disinterested, since Caroline had for years made a spectacle of herself and might well have made a fool of him but for his innate dignity.

"He is a singularly fine character," wrote Bulwer Lytton, "for a man of the world."

This book, besides being a comprehensive portrait of Whig manners and *mœurs* at the beginning of last century, has a much more special appeal. It is the first time that I have read that famous love story, between Byron and his "sweet sceptic," told in such convincing detail, and certainly the first time that its hapless third party has been presented with so much understanding and such grace.

THE WORLD OF BOOKS

Reviewed by

VERNON FANE

Not long ago I remember being reluctantly compelled, on the insistence of a friend, to read a book called *Chinese Puzzle*; reluctantly, for it had been described to me as the "autobiography" of a Pekinese, and there can be no two ways about Pekinese. One either likes them, or one does not; and in any case, "autobiographies" of dogs, small or otherwise, are not in my category of books to be read at all costs.

The author, Miss Rumer Godden, quickly dispelled these preconceived notions, and I at once found myself under the spell of an enchanting writer.

BLACK NARCISSUS (Peter Davies. 7s. 6d.) is her new novel, and it is a book of such quality that I am quite sure it cannot fail to command attention among those who are always pleased to welcome a new star in the literary firmament. It is a simple story—that of a handful of nuns of an Anglican order who, on the invitation of the local lord, General Toda Jang, set out to open a convent school in his palace at Mopu. They are in charge of Sister Clodagh, the youngest Sister Superior of the Order, and they are quite well aware that they hope to succeed where a fraternity of monks upon the same mission had failed before them.

The palace is a windy, ramshackle, but picturesque place, facing the Himalayas, and actually within sight of Kinchinjunga. It is a country which would be described as primitive; and the palace itself is not so much an outpost of civilisation as a sounding board of the world of men looking out on to another world. Even the natives were different from any to be encountered either in India or in the Tibetan tableland. "They came up from the valley to work for the General; a few came down from the villages below the Range, and, once again, they all assured him that he had only to smile to grow rich.

"But he could not even govern. They settled their own quarrels with their own blows, and there was no stealing, because the people of the valley had everything, and the people of the heights had nothing, and they never mixed; there was no lying, because it was foolish to lie, where everything was known to everyone, and there was no pride and no fear. He could not even protect them, because there was nothing to protect them from, except a few leopard and bear in the foothills, and these they managed quite nicely for themselves with their slings and stones and bows and arrows."

A people, in fact, remarkably like those Lepchas of whom Major Morris has written so affectionately in his book, *Living With Lepchas*.

But at the palace of Mopu there were other influences at work, not the least disturbing being the European agent, Mr. Dean; a remarkable character, who from the beginning shocked the good sisters by going about with his shirt-tails hanging out, and almost insolently living like a native. From the outset he declares himself pessimistic of their chances of establishing their order. "I give you," he said, "to the break of the next rains."

The story progresses calmly and quietly; but from the moment the nuns settle down it becomes apparent that there are indefinable forces at work to disrupt what at the moment seemed to be pleasant and stimulating. Gradually we see the effect on each of the sisters in turn, and how even the determined Sister Clodagh finds her will to win through being undermined.

No mere reciting of the story can reproduce the feeling of suspense and the almost imperceptible progress to the tragic climax and the fulfilment of the agent's prophecy. The worth of this novel lies in its restraint and quiet strength, in its passages of real beauty, in which the grandeur of nature and the beating wings of human emotion are blended. It is one of the most exciting novels I have had the fortune to read for some time.

Mr. Christopher Haddon's characters, I find, are made of strong stuff. Neither the chief nor any of the minor figures of **UNDER THE LONG BARROW** (Gollancz. 7s. 6d.) have it in them to boggle at murder, political dishonesty or the implication of incest. They are, with two exceptions, an unsavoury lot, and as those two exceptions get murdered very early in the story, the book is mainly a study in the motives of the amoral.

Dorset, that lovely, haunted county, is an excellent choice for the setting. Dorset never seems to those who know it another and prosaic part of a familiar England. It has its roots in a far past and little to do with the present. The very line of its unspoiled country recalls antiquity. It is a place to grow lyrical about and a place, as Mr. Haddon recognises, to write novels about, for there is as much of Dorset as of any other character in his book.

The novel itself is difficult to classify, though easy enough to recommend. Roughly—an unsuitable word here, since this author does nothing roughly—it is a murder mystery with a *dénouement* as creepily satisfying as the most bloodthirsty could demand. But more than that, or rather beside that, since I don't think it will add to the book's general popularity, it is a book of several purposes, and one of them to prove that the forces of evil are still the lively, directed source of danger that they were in the dark ages.

The story is told by Sir Christopher Haddon, an ingenious trick in itself. His Whitchurch Manor, under the long barrow which melts into the downland above the house, had been the scene for hundreds of years of betrayals and wrongs, most of them perpetrated by his own family for their own advancement. The teller of the story seems at first a man of a different spirit. He believes himself to be a man neither better nor worse than his fellowmen, and certainly not more ill-starred.

The revelation of his real character is the story's most successful effect, and one that I have no intention of spoiling for you. It's mystifying and it's clever, but it's an odd book and not everybody's choice.

The Daimler Vogue

BY APPOINTMENT TO
HIS MAJESTY THE
LATE KING GEORGE V

COPING WITH AN UMBRELLA AND VOLUMINOUS SKIRTS IN A SNOWSTORM: "La Baisse," an entertaining lithograph by Morlon included in the exhibition at the Walker Galleries of French coloured lithographs of the mid-nineteenth century

A DISTINGUISHED CHARACTER ACTRESS AS AN ARTIST SEES HER: Colin Colahan's portrait of Marie Ney which will be one of the features of his forthcoming one-man show at the Wertheim Gallery, W.1. The private view is on February 14 and the exhibition will remain open until February 27

The Walker Galleries are just concluding an amusing record of French coloured lithographs of the mid-nineteenth century, and though the majority of these pictures depend on humour rather than drawing for their appeal, there are several amusing skits on the contemporary fashions in clothes — and particularly bicycling horrors of the early days.

"La Baisse," by Morlon, after Lambert Linder, is an excellent example of the artist's work, and shows a lively and realistic treatment which was very rare at this period. The harassed expression on the girl's face cleverly depicts the hopelessness of coping with an umbrella and skirts in a snowstorm; and to be laughed at under such circumstances is a horror hardly to be borne.

At the Fine Art Society's Galleries I. Littlejohns, R.I., is holding a pleasing and colourful exhibition of both oil and water-colour paintings, displaying a competent handling of both these mediums.

There is, perhaps, a little more apparent freedom in the paintings.

A very striking and effective exhibit is "A Streak of Sunlight," No. 48. The figure in the foreground sits shrouded in shadows, whilst the broken light penetrates the back of the barn, flooding the background in a blaze of colour, and throwing the shadowy shapes of rafters and hanging stack covers into black relief.

I. B.

"A STREAK OF SUNLIGHT": A study by I. Littlejohns, R.I., at the Fine Art Society's Galleries where he now has a one-man show

ART NOTES of the WEEK

THE PETROL WORLD

SPEED AND LUXURY NEED NOT BE EXPENSIVE

The New Ford V.8 Reveals Many Refinements: Brakes That Give Confidence

By A. PERCY BRADLEY (Clerk of the Course, Brooklands)

A NEW model of the famous 30-h.p. Ford V.8 car has recently been introduced. It is known as the Saloon de Luxe and costs £280. Quite recently the Ford Motor Company placed one at my disposal for the best part of a week and summing up my experiences I can truthfully say that it is a very remarkable car. Motoring on a 30-h.p. Ford V.8 has always been something quite outstanding. More powerful cars exist but there is something about this particular vehicle that gives the driver a thrill which he cannot obtain in any other way.

The new model retains all the power, the acceleration and the high speed that has always been associated with its predecessors, but, as its name suggests, now incorporates many features which can rightly be included in the luxury category. An entirely new method of seat-cushion construction, coupled with extra large tyres and good suspension, contribute to giving the occupants of the car a really comfortable ride. Great care has been taken to ensure silence and the efforts in this direction have been eminently satisfactory.

The two most important features to my mind, however, are the provision of greatly improved braking and more powerful headlights. Braking and lighting should be good on any car, but on a 30-h.p. Ford V.8 they are tremendously important if the driver is to make use of the terrific power at his command. On this new model hydraulic braking is now provided. The brakes inspire the driver with every confidence and they are definitely pleasant to control.

The headlamps are fitted in the wings and the front glass is sloped to conform with the contour of the mudguard. They give an excellent light and the dimming arrangement is efficient, not only from the driver's viewpoint but also from that of other road users. No separate side-lamps are provided because small bulbs in the headlamps themselves are quite legal on this car, the lamps being situated right in the middle of the wings and thus are near enough to the extremities of the car's width to meet legal requirements.

Another more or less minor refinement struck me as being very practical and that was the provision of a friction type check to hold the doors open so as to assist the entry and exit of the car's occupants. Every motorist knows how annoying it is when a door is opened for its own weight to close it again.

This saloon de luxe has an entirely new appearance. The bonnet is long, without louvres, and the sides are decorated with rustless steel mouldings. The radiator grille, which is in bright metal, is low, being only about half the height of the bonnet. The latter is of the lift-up type hinged at the rear and is securely anchored in the closed position by two separate catches, thus preventing the bonnet from flying open at any time. The body is definitely roomy and both front and rear seats will accommodate three abreast. I was glad to note that the lighting of the instruments on the dash can now be controlled so that they are bright or very dim at will.

The trafficators are connected up with a tell-tale red light on the facia board right in front of the driver's eyes, and a smaller red light in practically the same position indicates to the driver that he has his headlamps full on. This refinement is only possessed of a utility value in streets which have a certain amount of lighting of their own, because when driving along the open countryside the lamps are quite powerful enough to demonstrate straight away if they are on full or in the dimmed position. Mounted on the facia board is a battery condition indicator. The dial is calibrated so as to tell the driver if the battery is low, normal, or high. This dial takes the place of the usual ammeter, and seems to me to be a development on the right lines.

The V type 8-cylinder engine has also received attention and has been definitely improved. The crankshaft is larger and the diameter of the main bearings has been increased. Greater rigidity has been obtained by using thicker crank-cheeks. The result is a much smoother unit and greater power. Various detailed alterations have been made in the valve seats and piston rings. Owing to the low-set grille the fan is now mounted on the end of the crankshaft, a position which increases the accessibility of the distributor and makes for more silent operation.

As before, the engine is possessed of great flexibility, with the result that the lazy driver can motor all day without ever changing gear should he so desire. So far as my experience went I found that second and top were the only gears necessary in order to get a really good performance. In a busy town or city I doubt if there is any quicker car in existence. Every time the driver has to start off from traffic lights he is able to gain seconds on all other vehicles, and so in the course of a drive through a city like London many valuable minutes are saved, without exceeding 30 m.p.h. at any time. So far as all-out speed is concerned, 80 m.p.h. and over can be obtained in a very short distance.

Most of us motorists in this country would consider 200 miles just about as great a distance as we would like to cover in a day's journey. Even then I doubt whether we should like to carry on day after day registering that number of miles on our speedometer. To average over 320 miles every twenty-four hours for thirty-two days consecutively would, therefore, be quite outstanding and worthy of comment. This is the performance set up by Mr. H. E. Symons and Mr. H. B. Browning who recently broke the London to Cape Town record in an 18–85-h.p. Wolseley. Obviously such a journey was not over roads such as we are accustomed to or understand and so the performance is definitely outstanding.

No doubt the drivers contemplated covering the 10,290 miles in less time than 32 days but the travellers unfortunately met with a very serious accident. Whilst crossing over a bridge 32 feet above a swiftly flowing river the structure collapsed and the car fell into the water below. It says much for the sturdiness of the Wolseley that after the car was extricated from the river bed and had the water drained out of its vitals it was able to continue and eventually established the record. Actually over half the distance was covered from the point where the crash occurred, which shows that a high-grade British car takes some knocking out.

MOUNTAINEERING BY CAR: A 1939 Vauxhall 10 on the tricky Hirnant Pass between lakes Vyrnwy and Bala in the wilds of North Wales. This highly popular model gives a brilliant performance with a proved petrol consumption of over 40 m.p.g.

Talking of British cars, I am sure we are all pleased to learn that amongst the exhibits at the Berlin Motor Show some fine specimens of British cars will be on view. Messrs. Rootes Limited, who are world exporters for Humber, Hillman, and Sunbeam-Talbot cars, are to exhibit examples of these three makes at the exhibition which will be opened from February 17 to March 5.

The display has been arranged in conjunction with the German distributors for these cars, and a noteworthy feature is that two of the five cars on show will be fitted with German-built coachwork. I am informed that in Germany considerable interest is now being shown in high-powered British cars and so it looks as if this exhibit may prove useful to our export trade.

Go where the sun is shining

You can be in South Africa within a fortnight and the voyage need not be expensive. There are a number of Steamship Services by which the return passage ranges from

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It is essentially a year to escape the added strain of Winter and to recuperate in the warmth of the South African sun.

Consult your local Travel Agent or the Travel Bureau, South Africa House, London, W.C. 2.

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SPHERE TRAVEL BUREAU

All the Year Round Is South Africa's Season

From the Zambesi's Roar to Natal's Coastal Playgrounds

I HAVE a feeling that our travellers are not fully alive to the possibilities of South Africa. It is certainly not due to any lack of effort or art on the part of the authorities in the Union, and no one can cross the threshold of the commanding building in Trafalgar Square without feeling something of the magnetism of the country. Perhaps there is a crude notion that when it is sunny here it must be wet and cold "down there." There never was a more mistaken idea, and it is a remarkable fact that our own summer months are the best time for seeing two of South Africa's greatest sights—the Kruger National Park, in the north-east corner of the Transvaal, and the Victoria Falls—while at the resorts on the coast of Natal the weather is refreshingly cool after the summer heat of the Indian Ocean. It is significant that the South African Derby is run at Durban in the middle of July, within a few weeks of our festival at Epsom.

The Cape Peninsula itself is quite a pleasant part to be in; it is certainly not the place our own fogs and frosts retire to as the northern hemisphere swings towards the sun. Inevitably it is not as warm there as at Christmas and the early year, but if you land at Cape Town, say in August, your first inclination will not be to get "up country" as quickly as possible. The peninsula has scenery and history to hold your attention, but having dealt with these in detail in the past I would like this time to give more space to the places seen at their best in the approaching season.

A consideration you should not lose sight of in making travel plans is that the voyage to South Africa may be treated as a cruise in its most restful aspect, and during our summer months reduced fares are in operation. Year in and year out the liners pass right through the tropics, and the only difference is that at some periods they strike the warmest belt rather sooner than others. The out and home voyage by the same steamer gives time for a good tour in the country by disembarking at Cape Town and rejoining at Durban or vice versa. By cutting out the sea passage between the two ports another week is added to the available time for the land travel, which must, of course, include Durban.

All along the 200 miles from Matubatuba to Margate in the south are holiday resorts, for this coast is known as the playground of the Rand.

There are some noble buildings in Durban, the most striking being the Town Hall. The facilities for sport seem to be unlimited and the gaily bedecked Zulu rickshaw boys with their feathers, beads and horned headgear give an arresting splash of colour.

No visitor to Durban should miss an excursion to the Valley of a Thousand Hills which lies half way to Pietermaritzburg, and then some time should be spent in the Drakensberg mountains.

Let us now strike out in another direction. Perhaps your fancy on landing at Cape Town is for the Zambesi and the Victoria Falls. The route is through Bulawayo where you will surely break the journey for a visit to the Matoppos, sacred to the memory of Cecil Rhodes and others. The next morning you are at the falls. Livingstone had his first view of the falls from the island on the brink which bears his name, and by making a trip by motor launch or canoe from the north bank when the river is low you may see what he saw.

The rest of my space must be devoted to the Kruger National Park, a visit to which must be counted one of the great experiences of a life time. Assuming that the itinerary is being continued from the Zambesi the route is through Johannesburg, possibly Pretoria (though that may be left for the next stage), and then to Nelspruit on the south-western side, the most convenient entrance for Pretorious Kop. This area, one of the best sites in the reserve for seeing wild animals, is open all the year round, but the greater portion of the park is open only from about the middle of June to the end of October. Inside the park there are approximately 800 miles of roads which can be traversed by motor car, and there are rest camps where you may spend the night. The advantage of these camps is that you can be astir early like the animals, which are more frequently seen early and late in the day. A stay at one of the camps is a most interesting experience and you will be glad to know that at the large ones are fully equipped bathrooms, and even the others have shower baths.

There are many very sensible "Don'ts" and regulations for visitors to the park and I think you will commend the sentiment expressed by the warden of the park in this appeal.

"We, the wild animals of the Kruger National Park, appeal for your sympathy and friendship. You have been our bitter enemies for so long that it takes time to make us understand that a new and happier era has begun for us; do not betray our trust in you."

Beverley Brooke

SOUTH AFRICA'S EASTERN GATEWAY: A liner unloading at Durban (shipping men call it Port Natal) where the docks rival those of Cape Town in importance

A view of Head Office: 15, Bishopsgate, London, E.C.2

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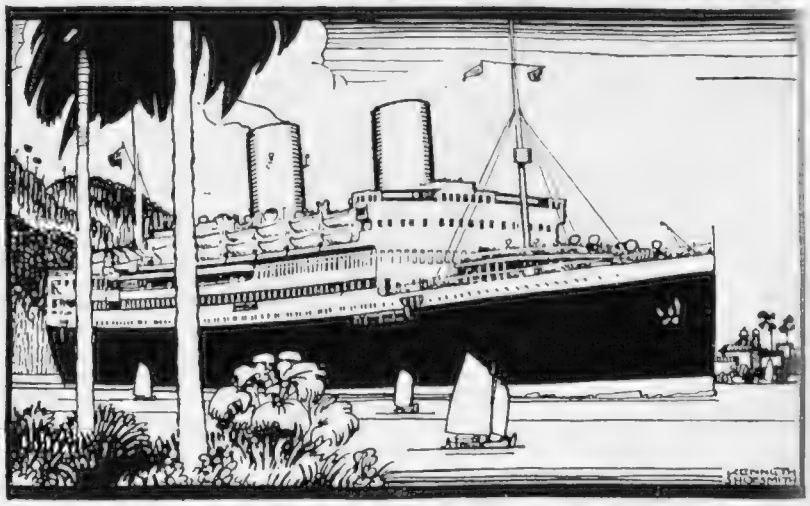

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WHERE THE HIMALAYAS END

(*Continued from page* 197)

"It rained hard all that night and until half-past eight in the morning, and since, even in dry weather, there are great numbers of leeches on the next two stages, we defended ourselves as well as we could with two pairs of socks, boots, ski-ing trousers, and ankle-puttees. It being the end of the dry season, the path was not so appallingly overgrown with tall bushes as it had been in the autumn of 1933, and we knew that, provided we could take care of our legs, our chests could take care of themselves. The Talangs, on the other hand (among whom were almost as many women as men), prepared for the fray by removing all but the barest minimum of their clothes, so that there would be nothing to hamper them from scraping the leeches off with their daos. . . . It is true that salt is a sure defence against leeches, but in wet jungle this is not really a practical proposition, because in the first place any you apply to your stockings or trousers washes off in a few yards, and in the second your supply of it soon gets wet and melts away to nothing. . . .

"Shortly after the start we went through an eerie stretch of swamp, like an enchanted forest in a fairy tale. A narrow, muddy path wound in and out between dripping, moss-covered bamboos; there was a grim dull green light; strange scuttlings and ploppings in the pools; and over all a dead evil smell of bad water and decay. It was a depressing spot (the more so because it was pouring with rain which fell all that day with a monotonous swish and never a moment's pause), and apparently too loathly even for leeches, for the only ones there were those we had imported ourselves. Except in this swamp they were plentiful enough to drive all the animals out of the jungle for the whole of the rainy season; either up into the pine forest at 10,000 ft. and over, or right above the tree line. The pines mark the limit of the leech country, and among them is sanctuary."

A DIARY OF A.R.P. PROGRESS

(*Continued from page* 206)

had various entrances. Experience showed that real protection could be given only by refuges at least 15 yards underground. The construction of a network of tunnels rather than large chambers was found to be much cheaper and more simple to build.

January 29. During an A.R.P. black-out in the Paddington, Hammersmith, and Acton area this morning G.W.R. trains ran with drawn blinds.

The British Medical Association register of doctors is now complete, with details of medical service they are ready to perform in case of national emergency. 9,000 of the 48,000 doctors on the register are in the London area.

CONTINUATIONS

January 30. Arrangements are being completed by the Port of London Authority for a river rescue service in time of war. Fourteen pleasure steamers are being equipped as hospital ships, each capable of carrying 120 casualties with a full staff of doctors, trained nurses and V.A.D.s. If necessary, hospitals near the river will be evacuated by the steamers.

January 31. A correspondent advocates that "students who have been given a prolonged schooling to fit them for a university career" should be put on the reserved list, lest later on there should be "a dearth of scientists, teachers, and other professional workers."

Prosecution brought against a man for damaging his gas mask failed for lack of evidence that it was not his own property, the chairman expressing the opinion that he did so at his own risk and would not be supplied with another one free.

Inglis Sheldon-Williams

EXTREMISM IN THE UNITED STATES

(*Continued from page* 200)

joining the party, or for joining that well-known fraternal order, the "Sons and Daughters of I Will Arise." And it is about all he understands of Communism. If the loan is refused, he immediately raises the cry that he is being discriminated against because of his race. The result is expense and discord, as the Communists have found to their sorrow.

The boring from within process is going on, but the Communists are making no move to seize power now, not even in labour unions where secretly they have a majority vote. They realise that they are still too weak to show their hand, and they are waiting for two things. One is for John L. Lewis, C.I.O. chief, and William Green, A.F.L. leader, to kill each other off. The other is for the New Deal to collapse. They are confident that both will happen, but they don't expect either to happen in the near future.

The Communist party represents only a pitiful handful of the population of the United States, so far as numbers or wealth may go; and its chief influence is in schools, colleges, and universities, and among doctors, nurses, and other classes of people with strong humane impulses who, outraged by obvious social injustice, are looking for a remedy.

Numerically much smaller, the Nazis represent a greater threat, in my judgment, because in dealing with them, the United States risks an open break with Germany. It does not risk an open break with Russia.

WHAT WILL YUGOSLAVIA DO?

(*Continued from page* 200)

trade. There are, therefore, many reasons why Yugoslavia cannot afford to annoy her. But this is a very different matter from going into the German camp. To a lesser degree the same argument applies in the case of Yugoslavia's relations with Italy.

With Britain and France Yugoslavia has both good relations and many interests in common. Britain and France, however, take much less interest in her than do Germany and Italy. Since Munich the moral for Yugoslavia, as indeed for all eastern European states, has been that it is dangerous to depend entirely on outside help and "God helps those who help themselves."

Hence, Yugoslavia's leaders, if they show the same wisdom as M. Stoyadinovitch has done in the past, may be depended upon to pursue a policy of friendliness all round, but with as few commitments as possible, so that Yugoslavia may always be in as favourable a position as possible, whatever the external balance of power may be.

By her predominant trading position, and by means of pressure and propaganda, Germany is essaying penetration in Yugoslavia. But it would be a mistake to think that the Yugoslavs—still essentially democratic at heart—are at all likely to adopt Nazi or Fascist methods internally. Nazi "racialism" is foreign to the Yugoslav temperament. All sections of the Yugoslav people—Serbs, Croats, Slovenes, etc.—are intensely nationalistic. But their nationalism—a matter of history, tradition, patriotism—which accounts for the "particularism" of the Croats, for example—is a completely different thing from "racialism" as the Nazis understand that word. Anti-Semitism, therefore, has never established a foothold in Yugoslavia.

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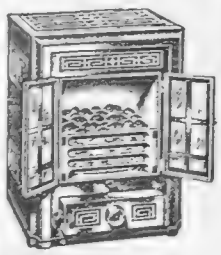

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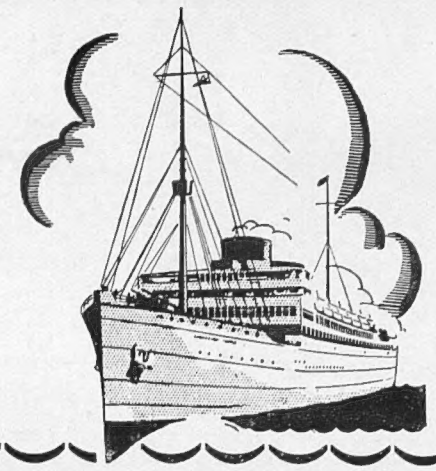

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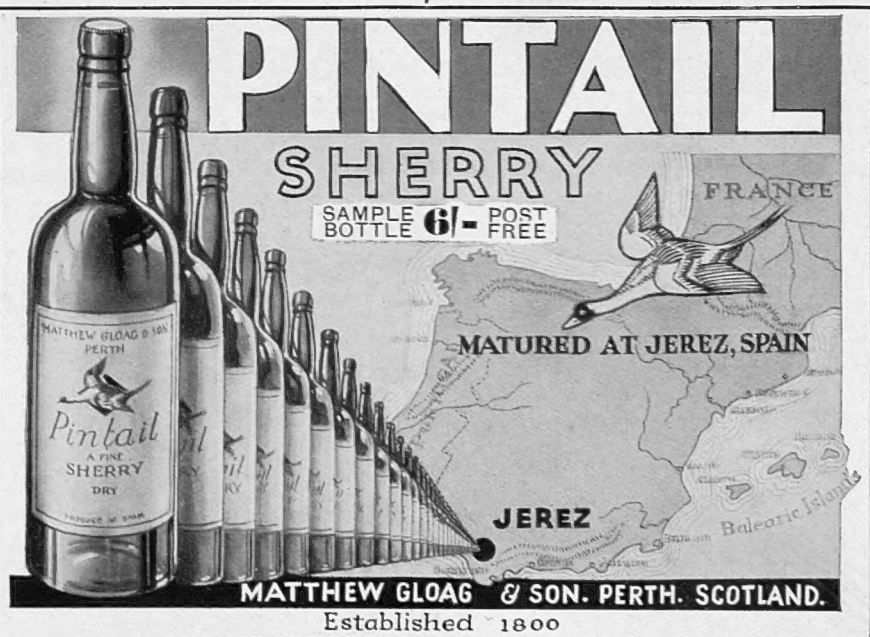

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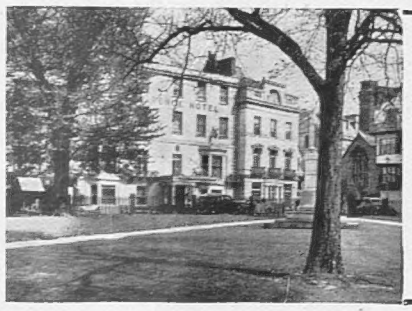

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Every modern treatment. Bath Staff of 60. Two Resident Physicians. Terms (13/- to 18/-) a day, include Turkish, Russian and Hydropathic Baths. SMEDLEY'S HYDRO, MATLOCK, DERBYSHIRE. Telephone: Matlock 17.

GREAT BRITAIN'S GREATEST HYDRO

In Quest of

Readers' Queries Provide Food Up His House and Want

I HAVE sometimes been asked why I do not devote more space in these columns to my correspondence, but its very personal nature and its volume render it impossible to make more than occasional reference to it. To print in full the whole contents of my post-bag would mean that there would never be any space for an article as such—and even if I did devote the entire page to my correspondence I still shouldn't be able to deal with it all! Further, it is quite impossible to say that one letter is more important than another, or to give one writer preference over a hundred equally serious folk. However, I should like to remind readers that my services are at the disposal of all who ask for my advice, and as I am constantly visiting and testing, proving and approving, new hotels and guest-houses all over the country, it is probable that I may be able to solve your own particular problem.

Perhaps you do not even realise that you have a problem. Perhaps you have stayed year after year at the same hotel in the same place, not realising that there are others of the same excellence in other and equally attractive surroundings. If so, I can only suggest that you write and describe what you are accustomed to have and I may be able to find a parallel; but please state clearly what you want.

There is a great deal of interest in my daily post-bag. One gets a sort of vicarious satisfaction in sending somebody to a place that one knows will be good, and in picturing the pleasure on the faces of both host and guest when he sees that view, or tastes that steak, or sips that '87 port. Perhaps the best fun of all is planning out a tour. Here is one that I arranged for a lady who wrote for some hotels for a tour in Devon, Cornwall, and Somerset.

We started at Knappe Cross Hotel, near Exmouth, and explored East Devon: we wandered around Beer and Branscombe, Sidmouth and Seaton. Then we moved on to Mill End Hotel, near Chagford, for Dartmoor. Thence we dropped down for a night or so to Lincombe Hall, Torquay, and meandered along the red cliffs of Devon from Dawlish to Dartmouth. We then had an easy day's motoring to the Carlyon Bay Hotel, near St. Austell, and for a few days just lazed and feasted on the coast line, as well as on the good fare within. We then made for the Greenbank at Falmouth for a night, moved on to the Kenegie Hotel, Gulval, near Penzance, and finally returned to the Castle at Taunton for a cruise in Somerset. It was almost a holiday for me as I visualised the good time that lady was having!

But perhaps the great attraction of my correspondence is its variety. A letter from Cairo tells me of a family seeking an hotel home when they return to the old country. They particularly ask for near the Thames in

WICKHAM COURT HOTEL

WEST WICKHAM, KENT

'Phone: Springpark 2000
Half an hour from City and West End.

An unique and historical Tudor Mansion (once the home of Anne Boleyn) with original panelling, fireplaces, etc., in its own magnificent grounds, restored and converted into the most modern of hotels. Hot and cold running water, telephone and radiator in every room. Many rooms and marvellous suites with private baths. Free service to station.

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Under the same management as The Selsdon Park Hotel, Sanderstead, Surrey.

. . . and still THE RED HOUSE

the ideal country base for the man or woman who enjoys Town life. Sleeping in the country, a good breakfast and a quick journey by road or rail make a pleasant beginning to the business of the day. And the end? A book, billiards, or a rubber of bridge.

THE RED HOUSE, LEATHERHEAD

Resident proprietors will gladly send you particulars. Private Suites available on first and ground floors. One minute from the station. *Telephone: 2271/2.*

20 miles from a station, hidden away in one of the loneliest corners of this island, in 400 acres of private grounds and beaches, you will find

LEE ABBEY HOTEL

Nr. LYNTON

ON NORTH DEVON'S WESTERN COAST LINE

The grounds, a natural bird-sanctuary, are a delight to the eye, the private golf course is in perfect condition, the weather is fine and the terms are exceptionally moderate. Why not Winter with us? Write for an illustrated brochure or telephone Lynton 24

Restfulness and Charm

If you want "peace and quiet," the mildness of a quiet Devonshire seaside town, unobtrusive attention in a restful atmosphere indoors, make the VICTORIA your choice for the spring. Here you will find the lavish appointments of an hotel privileged to count Royalty amongst its guests: spacious public rooms, self-contained suites, Vitaglass sun lounge, passenger lift, central heating, bedrooms fitted with every modern convenience.

Facing south and overlooking the sea; fully licensed; lock-up garages. R.A.C., A.A.

WRITE FOR BROCHURE (S) TO THE RESIDENT MANAGER

Victoria Hotel *Sidmouth* S. DEVON

Telephone: SIDMOUTH 11 *Telegrams:* VICTORIA, SIDMOUTH

Good Hotels

By ASHLEY COURTENAY

for Thought : R. M. K. Gives to Know Where to Live

Berkshire, preferably near Sonning for golf. The answer is ready to hand—Grove Hall Hotel, Twyford, where every room has its private bathroom.

Already I get letters about Easter, summer holidays, and Christmas! Perhaps a riding week-end near London—which recalls to my mind that very excellent little bijou hotel with riding stables so close, Palm Court Hotel at Angmering-on-Sea. There is no apparent limit to the conundrums I am faced with. But what stimulation it is solving them. Sometimes I fail and sometimes I know I have succeeded, because correspondents are good enough to write and thank me. But, alas, in a great many cases they write to me in the first place and forget to enclose a three-halfpenny stamp for my reply, and though I may write at some length I never hear from them again, even though they have acted on my recommendation! But one letter of appreciation makes up for a hundred forgetful ones.

Here is a typical inquiry which I have received this week:

R.M.K. Hampstead.—"*Giving up their house, they wish to live for an indefinite period in a comfortable country hotel, preferably in Surrey and outside a radius of thirty miles from London.*"

This at once rules out excellent country house hotels such as Selsdon Park, Sanderstead, Oatlands Park, Weybridge, and the Red House, Leatherhead, all of which are in Surrey, but are within a 20-mile radius. The answer would seem to be one of the following: Bramley Grange Hotel, Bramley, near Guildford (especially as they want to be near golf—Bramley Grange adjoins the golf course). Newlands Corner Hotel, near Guildford. (Here again golf is quite close by.)

These, however, may not be suitable to R.M.K., because he asks for "*a type of small hotel where hospitality and the personal interest of a resident manager are in evidence,*" and neither of these hotels may fall within his definition of "small." Although both the hotels mentioned may be quite suitable in this respect it is my work by process of deduction to make my recommendations as wide as possible, and so my feeling is that R.M.K. may possibly like to know of places other than in Surrey. I told him of Heatherbank, Chislehurst, most suitable for his purpose, or Grove Hall at Twyford, near Reading, with an excellent train service to London.

R.M.K., in short, gave me plenty of food for thought, and I think that when he receives my letter he also will have plenty to think over, too!

Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels, both large and small, known to him personally. Letters should be addressed to him, c/o the Editor, THE SPHERE, *32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Personal and telephone inquiries, however, cannot be accepted.*

THE GARDEN HOTEL
Lincombe Hall
OF TORQUAY

LINCOMBE HALL TORQUAY

The Ideal Hotel for Winter Comfort

South aspect . . . beautiful grounds . . . away from noise yet near town centre. Central heating and modern appointments throughout. 50 bedrooms . . . many with private bath.

INCLUSIVE WINTER TERMS FROM 3½ GNS.

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Grand Peace . . .

In these abnormal times when those who normally migrate abroad after Christmas are hesitant, we offer them a generous slice of our grand peace. A bedroom with private bathroom if need be, overlooking the blue and tranquil waters of Tor Bay. A grandstand position *on the level*, a Sun Lounge to cheat the occasional wind and to capture the warmth of the sun. The comfort within of an even temperature and the feeling of wealth around you. A chef who practises to perfection the culinary arts of four continents, yet can cater for the simplest taste. In short an hotel where personal whims are studied and satisfied. Above all we offer a tempting all-in price, with a sliding plan whereby the longer you stay the less you pay.

5-star hotel
A.A. and R.A.C.
200 bedrooms and suites

For further information write to R. Paul, Manager,

The **GRAND, TORQUAY**

Telephone: 2234

And here is peace . . . in a sheltered park of 60 acres, a sun-trap 400 feet up, a hospitable hotel for winter residence. London within easy reach. Sporting golf course in the grounds.

THE SPA HOTEL ROYAL TUNBRIDGE WELLS

First-class in comfort, cooking and service. 85 rooms and suites.

Write to S. Hancock, Director, for tariff-booklet entitled "And here is peace."
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A Bathroom to every Bedroom . . .

How many country hotels can boast such an amenity? It is just an example of what you may expect of life at

GROVE HALL HOTEL TWYFORD - BERKS -

A delightful country house, surrounded by flower gardens and a park: 34 miles from London by road, 37 minutes by train. Here you will find pleasant company in congenial surroundings at moderate prices. Tennis, Squash and Golf (Sonning 18-hole course). Telephone: Twyford 106.

Specially reduced winter terms now from 3½ gns.

THE SPHERE REGISTER OF HOTELS

The majority of these hotels are personally known to our Hotel Correspondent, Mr. Ashley Courtenay, who will be pleased to give further details regarding them to readers who write to him, c/o "The Sphere."

ENGLAND

Aldeburgh.—Wentworth Hotel. Tel. 312 & 313.
Arundel.—Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 3245.
Barton Mills (Nr. Bury St. Edmunds).—Bull Inn.
Bath.—The Empire.
Bath.—Lansdown Grove Hotel.
Bath.—Pulteney Hotel. Tel. 3281, 3282, 3283.
Bexhill-on-Sea.—Hotel Riposo. Tel. 472.
Blackpool.—The Metropole.
Blackpool.—The Headlands. A.A. and R.A.C.
Boscastle (Corn.).—Welltown Manor Guest Hse.
Boscombe (Bournemouth).—Chine Hotel.
Bournemouth.—Bourne Hall Hotel. Tel. 5.
Bournemouth.—Canford Cliffs Hotel.
Bournemouth.—Tollard Royal Hotel.
Bray-on-Thames.—Hinds Head Hotel.
Brighton (Rottingdean).—Tudor Close Hotel.
Brighton (Saltdean).—Ocean Hotel.
Bromley.—Sundridge Park Hotel.
Bushey.—Bushey Hall Hotel.
Cambridge.—Blue Boar Hotel. Tel. 3030.
Canterbury.—The County Hotel.
Chipping Campden.—Cotswold House Hotel.
Chislehurst.—Heatherbank Hotel.
Crowborough.—The Crest Hotel.
Dorchester (Dorset).—Antelope Hotel. Tel. 1.
Dulverton.—Carnarvon Arms.
Dulverton (Som.)—Woodcote Hotel. Tel. 129.
Exeter.—Royal Clarence Hotel.
Folkestone.—Princes Hotel. Telephone 2666.
Folkestone.—Queen's Hotel. Tel. 2219.
Goring-on-Thames.—The Bull. Tel. Goring 57.
Hailsham (Sussex).—Woodside Hotel. Tel. 57.
Harrogate.—The Cairn Hydro. Tel. 4065.
Harrogate.—Granby Hotel. Tel. 3046.
Harrogate.—Prospect Hotel.**** Tel. 3015.
Hastings.—Queen's Hotel. Tel. 201.
Hove.—Dudley Hotel. Completely modernised.
Leatherhead.—The Red House Hotel.
Lyme Regis.—Hotel Alexandra. Tel. 10.
Lynton.—Lee Abbey Hotel.
Marlborough (Wilts.).—Ailesbury Arms Hotel.
Newquay.—Headland Hotel. Tel. Newquay 2211.
Ockham.—The Hautboy. Ripley 20.
Oxford.—Mitre Hotel. Tel. 2335 and 3840.
Oxford.—Randolph Hotel. Tel. 2251 (2 lines).
Ramsgate.—The Granville.
Royal Tunbridge Wells.—The Spa Hotel.
Ruan-High-Lanes (S. C'nwall).—Pendower Htl.
Salisbury.—Old George Hotel. Tel. 3189.
Sanderstead (Surrey).—Selsdon Park Hotel.
Scarborough.—The Grand. 'Phone: 1053.
Sidmouth.—Fortfield Hotel.
Sidmouth.—The Royal Glen Hotel. Phone: 221
Sidmouth.—Torbay View Private Hotel.
Sidmouth.—Victoria Hotel.
Stow-on-the-Wold.—Talbot Hotel.
Stratford-on-Avon.—The Arden Hotel.
Taunton (Somerset).—Castle Hotel. Tel. 2671.
Torquay.—Grand Hotel.
Torquay.—Palace Hotel. Tel. 2271.
Torquay.—Headland Hotel.

ENGLAND—*continued*

Torquay.—Roslin Hall Hotel. Tel. 4373 (2 lines)
Torquay.—Templestowe Hotel. Tel. 235811.
Torquay.—The Torquay Hydro Hotel. Tel. 2207.
Torquay.—Lincombe Hall.
Torquay.—Palm Court Hotel.
Torquay.—Vernon Court Hotel. Tel. 2676.
Twyford (Berks).—Grove Hall Hotel. Tel. 106.
West Wickham (Kent).—Wickham Court Hotel.
Weymouth.—Royal Hotel. Tels. 627 & 628.
Worthing.—Greystoke Private Hotel. Tel. 991.

GREAT NORTH ROAD

(Figures in brackets show mileage from London)

Catterick (229).—Bridge House Hotel.

ENGLISH LAKES

Keswick.—Queen's Hotel.
Keswick.—Borrowdale Hotel. Borrowdale 24.
Keswick.—Royal Oak Hotel.

LONDON

Ambassadors Hotel, W.C.1. Tel. Euston 1456.
Bailey's Hotel, Gloucester Road, S.W.7.
Bryan House, Blackheath, S.E.3.
Hans Crescent Hotel, Knightsbridge, S.W.1.
Kensington Palace Mansions Htl.W.8. Wes. 8121
S.Kensington Htl.,Queen's Gate Terrace, S.W.7.
Thackeray Hotel, opposite the British Museum.

SCOTLAND

Ballater (Deeside).—Cambus O'May Hotel.
Edinburgh.—The Alison Hotel. Tel. 31295.
Edinburgh.—New Carlton Hotel.
Galloway.—Southwick House. Tel. Southwick 7.
Perthshire.—Trossachs Hotel, Loch Katrine.
Perth.—Station Hotel.
Pitlochry.—Atholl Palace Hotel.
Stranraer.—Auld King's Arms.
Tomintoul (Banffshire).—Richmond Arms Htl.

CHANNEL ISLANDS

Jersey.—St. Brelade's Bay Hotel.

WALES

Abergele.—Kinmel Hall.
Anglesey.—Wern Llanddona. Tel. Beaumaris 77.
Llangollen.—The Hand Hotel.

NORTHERN IRELAND

Belfast.—Grand Central Hotel.
Belfast.—Midland Station Hotel (LMS-NCC).
Rostrevor.—Great Northern Railway Hotel.

EIRE

Dun Laoghaire (Kingstown).—Ross's Hotel.
Glendalough (Co. Wicklow).—Royal Hotel.
Greenore.—Great Northern Railway Hotel.
Greystones (Co. Wicklow).—Grand Hotel.
Kingstown (Co. Dublin).—Royal Marine Hotel.

CONTINENTAL HOTELS

BELGIUM.

Antwerp.—Grand Hotel de Londres.—Best position in town. Highest service at reasonable rates. Telegrams: Lonhotel, Anvers.

FRANCE.

Cannes.—Hotel des Anglais.—Highest class quiet residential hotel in large park. "Going to Cannes means staying at the Anglais."

Cannes.—Hotel Grande Bretagne.—Sunny park, motor ser., casino, golf links, bridge rm. Pen. terms fm. 12/6 & 15/-, or 4 Gns. & £5 wkly.

Cannes.—Hotel Montfleury.—Large Park
Manager: G. Tamme.

Cannes.—Hotel Regina.—First-class Family Hotel. Sunny Park. Near Croisette and Tennis. Moderate terms.

Cap Martin.—Cap Martin Htl.—Free bus ser. with Monte Carlo & Menton. Tennis. Swim. pl. 15 acres pr. pk. Inc. fr. 120 f. With bath fr. 140 f.

Monte Carlo.—Le Grand Hotel.—350 Rooms. 280 Bathrooms. Entirely Renovated. Open all the year. Central. Opposite new Sporting Club.

Monte-Carlo.—Hotel Prince de Galles.—Strictly first-class. Beautiful garden. Magnificent view. Moderate terms.

Nice.—Atlantic Hotel.—First-class. 200 rooms. Close sea & casino. Own gar. Mod. trms. Conv. headquarters for Riviera. Swiss management.

GERMANY.

Bad Gastein.—Grand Hotel.—Gasteinerhof.—Sunniest htl. 1st cl. 180 bedr'ms. Pens. fr. RM.9. Patr. by English society. Open in winter too.

Garmisch-Partenkirchen.—Bavarian Alps.—**Park Hotel. "Alpenhof."**—Ldg Hotel in best cent. sit. Evy. cmft. Prosp. Prop.: Hanns Kilian.

Leipzig.—Hotel Astoria.—The latest and most perfect hotel-building. Select home of international Society and Aristocracy.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Nassauer Hof.—World-rnd. Finest pos. opp. Park & Opera. Wiesbaden Spr'gs. Pat'd by best Brit. Soc. Pen. fr. 12 Mks.

ISLAND OF MADEIRA.

Funchal.—Hotel Victoria.—Op. Csno. Bdrms. h. & c., very centl. Frm 10/6 incl. Under the supervsn of the proprs. Cables-Comfort, Funchal.

SWITZERLAND.

Arosa. — Valsana Sporthotel. — First class. Gay centre of Arosa. Original "Alaska saloon." Dancing. Inclusive terms.

Davos.—Palace Hotel.—Nr. world-renowned Parsenn run & Strela Skilift. Rooms fm. S. Frs. 7. Full board fm. S. Frs. 17. W. Holsboer, Man.

Grindelwald.—The Bear.—The Gay Sports and Social Centre. Your Headquarters. Inclusive terms from 16/-, including tea.

Gstaad (Bernese Oberland).—Grand Htl. Alpina. Skiers' Paradise. First class fam. hotel. Won. sitn. Incl. terms from Fr. 14. E. Burri, Prop.

Gstaad.—Bernerhof.—Typical Swiss Hotel in Bernese Oberland. Noted for food and comfort. Winter Sports. Topping band. Terms 13-17 frs.

Klosters-Parsenn (Switzerland).—The Sport Hotel Silvretta.—For charm, atmosphere and good company.

Lausanne.—Belvedere Hotel.—Best position, first-class cuisine, diet. Weekly terms, all inclusive, from £4.0.0.

Lenzerheide (Grisons) Grand Hotel Kurhaus. 1st. cl. 200 beds. Leading English fam. hotel. Sunniest pos. Every entertainment. Mod. terms.

Lenzerheide—(Grisons) 5,000 ft.—**The Schweizerhof.** Trad. Eng. House. Cen. of sports & soc. life. Season Dec.-March. F. Brenn, Man. prop.

Pontresina (Engadin). — Schloss-Hotel. — Leading House. Headquarters of the visitors' Curling Clubs. Pension from Frs. 16.

St. Moritz.—Badrutt's Palace Hotel.
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St. Moritz.—Savoy Hotel.—1st cl. fam. hotel, quiet central position, lake view. Pen. S. frs. 16. Attached: Savoy Bar—Dancing, open all night.

Wengen.—Grand Hotel Belvedere.—1st class, every modern comfort, excellent cuisine, Bar, Orchestra. Pension terms from 14/-.

Wengen.—The Palace.—"The best of the best." Inclusive terms from Frs. 18.
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